

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 12, No. 7

{The Sheppard Publishing Co., Limited, Props.
Office—38 Adelaide Street West.

TORONTO, CANADA, DEC. 31, 1898.

TERMS: Single Copies, 5c.
Per Annum (in advance), \$2. Whole No. 579

Things in General.

To a Voter in Ward —

YOU are kind enough to say that you would value my advice in the present municipal election in Toronto. And yet you describe yourself as a conscientious voter, evidently not reflecting that a conscientious voter should be so well versed in all that has occurred, municipally, as to need no advice. You are no doubt aware that the Toronto City Council spends more of your taxes than does the Ontario Legislature or the Dominion Parliament; and that it governs more matters having to do with your daily life than Legislature and Parliament put together. Figure this out for yourself: The water you drink, the lighting of your house, the lighting of the streets, the making and maintaining of the streets and walks, the controlling of the car and other street traffic, the protection of your property against fire, the police protection of your person and property, the education of your children in public schools—one might extend this list almost to no end. Nearly every function of government that concerns you personally is reposed in the City Council. This body deals with the matters practical to your existence. You are very much in earnest when there is an election to the Legislature or to Parliament; but you generally vote carelessly, if at all, in a municipal election, although the men to be elected control the health, comfort and happiness of yourself and family. The ward in which you live has a population of nearly 50,000 souls. It, in itself, is a big city. You should ask yourself whether the men elected in your ward last year were suitable persons to represent the vital interests of so many of their fellow-creatures. Do not think of your taxes only, but of your comforts within your house and without; your conveniences and privileges, realized or aspired to. Were the men nominated on Monday last put up because of their fitness, or did they jump up because of their willingness? If these are self-chosen candidates, in how far have you contributed to this farce by year after year stolidly accepting ballot-papers containing a list of unknown names, and voting, not for the men you want elected, but for the men who want you to elect them?

Out of twelve or fifteen thousand registered voters in your ward, somewhat less than one dozen have jumped forward to seek election. No doubt the ward contains a thousand men better than any one of these; but these only will be named on the ballot. If you vote at all, to these your choice is confined. It is well to remember that the poorest man of the lot may be the most thorough canvasser. Do not let this man return to his committee room at 12 o'clock to-night and say that he has successfully jolted every guy on your street. Half the people in this city trade their votes for hand-shakes. Above all things, if you know one candidate and desire his election do not, when you receive your ballot-paper, yield to the weak man's vice of voting for three other men of whom you know nothing, merely because you are entitled to vote for four. This prevalent weakness makes it possible for a very poor alderman to be elected year after year, although all those who follow him closely in council may regard him as either dangerous or foolish. The few who know him desire his overthrow and earnestly work to procure it, but the many who bestow votes unintelligently scan the ballot-paper and vote always for the names that are most familiar. It is this that breaks the heart of municipal reformers. There is perhaps nothing in Canadian character so wholly unworthy as the wide-spread tendency to cast ballots for the man who seems certain of election—for the alderman who was elected before and is therefore likely to be elected again, and for the political candidate whose victory seems sure. Our by-elections nearly always go with the Government, whatever its principles and whoever its candidate. Sometimes defeats are ascribed to over-confidence, but this is a borrowed phrase, for here it is only necessary to convince the people that a candidate will win, and win he does; then the entire populace—minus the immediate relatives and the official agent of his opponent—swarm, shouting, before his door.

In your ward it may be advisable to abstain from voting for any man who has been in Council for more than one year. By this means you will weaken, if you do not break, the hold that incompetent men have on that large but unthinking constituency. You can never make a mistake in replacing unsuitable men with others who, though they may prove equally unsuitable, are, at least, not the same ones, and the continuous nature of the procession may at any time bring along the right ones. As it is now, the control of the city seems to be fought for between men who lack property qualifications for election, and those who possess this but lack every other recommendation. The lack of property must be considered a triviality, however, in comparison with the lack of modern enterprise and range of vision. When both are lacking what can we say? Last year, in Ward Six, we witnessed a fight in the courts that extended over nearly ten months of the year, for possession of a seat in Council, between Messrs. Gowanlock and Hall. These men are again in the field, although nobody can soberly say that the presence of either in Council is so necessary as to warrant one per cent. of the trouble and expense they have occasioned in the ward, in the City Hall and in the courts. A feud of that kind can be squelched by leaving both men at home.

Although this city is not a ranch or a pasturage, it has for some time been too much under the control of cattle buyers, like Mr. Dunn, good men enough in their own line, but not necessarily capable of administering the enormous business of a large city. In a hundred ways Toronto must put forth an energy that has never yet been exercised, or this city will be besidetracked. Already Toronto finds herself standing a long way off the main line of the C.P.R. across Canada. We are beginning to realize that Toronto is cut off from Parry Sound just at a time when there is opened up a new railway with steamboat connections to handle the grain trade of the lakes and carry it via Parry Sound, Ottawa, and Montreal or Paspéblac to the sea. You can ask yourself whether men like Mr. Dunn can be expected to initiate statesmanlike policies for not only holding what we have, but for recovering what we have lost, and gaining what we aspire to. The man least capable of usefulness is the one who is not only circumscribed in his views, but possessed of an influence that enables him to restrain others and defeat any enterprise that is new and untried. Mr. Spence has come forward again, and it is well known that so long as he lives he must stand for narrow social views that produce bickering and annoyances, domestic and local. It is to be hoped that we have had enough of that.

As to the mayoralty you have three men to choose from. Nothing very much can be said against Mr. Shaw. He secured the mayoralty when Mr. Fleming retired to the Assessment office in the summer of 1897, and last year he was re-elected over the man who is the Third Person Singular in the present contest. During his year and a half of office he has done nothing much to condemn him; but this is a time in the history of Toronto for the display of positive, not negative, virtues. Mr. McMurrich has this to recommend him, that he has been successful in his own business. He will also be a change and may prove the very man we want. Mr. Shaw has neglected his chances; Mr. McMurrich may improve his. If he wins, his success will encourage other successful men to expect cordial treatment from the electors, should they consent to serve the city for a term while big and critical issues are pending in the near future. He has served as an alderman for several terms, has deferred to the claims of others, and in every way is entitled to the support of the people. The Third Person Singular in this contest must be regarded as a man who runs annually for exercise and because the excitement of it caters to the necessities of his being. He cannot be taken

seriously. He has been almost continuously a candidate since away back in the days when E. F. Clarke was mayor of the city. Those who talk of voting for his election should hesitate when face to face with the ballot. The polling-booth is not the place for joking and in this election choice is not limited, as in the last, between Mr. Shaw and the Third Person Singular. In Mr. McMurrich there is another candidate who, by his natural parts and his continued application to municipal matters, is fully equipped for the important office.

No conscientious voter should forget—as most seem to have done in years past—that the electing of school trustees is, in Toronto, a very important duty. A large share of the taxes is spent by these trustees, yet voters generally go to the polls to vote for Mayor and aldermen and, by reading the ballot, learn for the first time the names of the men who are asking to be elected as school trustees. Are you not almost disgusted with the principle of popular government when you reflect that the great work of providing for the education of the rising generation is left in the hands of men who secure their appointment

sentences, which if actually spoken are no more than a courteous diplomat should say on a matter not really under consideration, the Canadian Premier turns to the question of reciprocity. As to the man himself, the correspondent continues:

There have been only a few occasions when an opportunity has been offered for speechmaking, but on these few the Canadian Premier has aroused a remarkable degree of enthusiasm. No one who has heard him is surprised at his hold on the affection and pride of Canada. It has excited wonder that so remarkable a man should have been so little known to the public men of the United States. So deep has been the impression he has made here that the history of the man is in demand. There is no little surprise when it is learned that this tall, rather delicate looking man, with an air of culture and refinement, should be the son of a poor and unknown French-Canadian. He had none of the advantages of family influence or wealth, but worked his own way unaided over a very rough road.

He was born fifty-seven years ago in the little parish of St. Lin. His father was a local land surveyor, with no taste for politics and no connections to serve the son, a frail and often sickly boy, who was designed to follow his father's business. No one would fancy from the fluency of his perfect English that the virtual ruler of the Canadas spent his early

citizen is, no doubt, persuaded that the row is between two rival bands of robbers and safety only can be found in our old-time practice of doing nothing at all in regard to either. Some years ago when a group of men offered to reclaim Ashbridge's Bay and put an end to the marsh that has been a sore in the side of the city for years, they were subjected to so much cross-examination as to the uses to which they would put the reclaimed land, as to the presumed value of it when reclaimed, etc., that they threw the whole thing up. At that time an alderman stood up in Council and baldly stated that the city should go slow—we have aldermen who for years have maintained a name for wisdom by repeating that parrot phrase, "the city should go slow"—because it was evident that these men would not be offering to invest their money in reclaiming the marsh unless they expected to make money out of it. Presumably this alderman and others with him have been ever since seeking to see how money could be made out of the marsh, but their efforts have been in vain, as the city is to this day making nothing out of it, but is dumping a great deal of cash into it from time to time. The money-making possibilities of the marsh are apparently still known only to the men who were driven away by the watchful "Go Slows" several years ago.

It is notorious that every proposal made for any public undertaking is at once pounced upon and denounced as a scheme for the enrichment of those who are inventive enough to originate it. The idea of a Victoria Square to set off the new City Hall was so met, so denounced, and the fate of this proposal has been hanging uncertain for months, although any man has but to look over the ground to be aware that if the Square is not laid out now it will be regretted for generations to come. It has been the same with the proposed new market—various charges and insinuations have been made in connection with that proposal. As Mr. Osler says, we certainly need "less humbug, more honest work and a stopping of the practice of hitting the things that we have."

One of the reasons why so many big proposals, after being talked of for a while, are dropped out of sight forever is because of the general tendency to suspect that there is "something in it for somebody." People who have other things to think about will not long submit to personal misrepresentation and dilly-dallying in connection with offers that contain more of public-spiritedness than of self-interest. A man in this position soon lets the thing drop, and the Go Slows boast that they spoiled his little game. If the truth were known it might be found that the James Bay Commission, which was appointed early in the year to give Toronto a new railway and the trade of a quarter of a Continent, has been deterred in carrying out this magnificent purpose by knowledge of the impossibility of doing anything, or recommending anything, without there being at once raised the cry that the Commission is but the tool of the C. P. R. or the G. T. R. In whatever direction the Commission might turn, it would encounter villifiers. Therefore, it may be presumed that the Commissioners are waiting until its existence shall have been forgotten and until no action will be expected from it; then and then only will the leading citizens who compose it feel that their reputations are safe. And nothing will, probably, ever be expected from the Commission unless some newspaper, for lack of news, begins agitating the matter again and gradually stirs the whole city once more into a useless froth about a project that can never be handled by any but real business men, and which can never be promoted by the shoutings of newsboys.

GRANT ALLEN is a Canadian and from him we might expect something intelligent, if not appreciative, when he writes about Canada. For months he has had running in the *Strand* a serial entitled *Miss Cayley's Adventures*. The heroine is a Girtion girl who sets out from London to make a tour of the world—moneyless, but shrewd. Installments of the serial have been appearing in the *Strand* for nine months, and Miss Cayley has dallied across Europe and reached India. The tenth installment appears in the January number and Miss Cayley is swished straight to Yokohama. She completes her tour of the world in these few paragraphs:

Fortunately, I was just in time to catch the Canadian steamer from Japan to Vancouver. But, oh, the endless breadth of that broad Pacific! How time seemed to lag, as each day one rose in the morning in the midst of space; blue sky overhead; behind one, the hard horizon; in front of one, the hard horizon; and nothing else visible; then steamed on all day, to arrive at night, where? Why, in the midst of space; a starry sky overhead; behind one the dim horizon, in front of one the dim horizon and nothing else visible: The Nile was child's play to it.

Day after day we steamed, and night after night were still where we began in the center of the sea, no further from our starting point, no nearer to our goal, yet forever steaming. It was endlessly wearisome; who could say what might be happening meanwhile in England?

At last, after months, as it seemed, of this slow torture we reached Vancouver. There in the raw new town a telegram awaited me. "Glad to hear you are coming. Make all haste. You may be just in time to arrive for the trial."

Just in time! I would not waste a moment. I caught the first train on the Canadian Pacific and traveled straight through, day and night, to Montreal and Quebec without one hour's interval.

I cannot describe to you that journey across a continent I had never before seen. It was endless and hopeless. I only know that we crawled up the Rocky Mountains and the Selkirk range, over spider-like viaducts with interminable effort, and that the prairies were just the broad Pacific over again. They rolled on forever. But we did reach Quebec—in time we reached it—and we caught by an hour the first liner to Liverpool.

To be sure the haste of Miss Cayley was due to a lawsuit in London and cablegrams from her lover. We have no quarrel with her. Grant Allen, however, is a Canadian, and he might readily have so arranged the tour of his imaginary Girtion girl so as not to have rushed to, across, and away from Canada as if it all were an intolerable weariness—as if from Yokohama to London was one long desert of land and water, where even a Girtion girl—and such a Girtion girl—could find neither adventure nor object of remark.

There is a little group of authors abroad of whom we boast as fellow-Canadians, and whose books and magazine articles we consider it a family duty to read, yet this country has derived very little advantage from these persons, and very little credit. That we boast of them is a generosity on our part that their work scarcely call for; and if they are Canadians they leave us to assert the fact. Perhaps we are getting a little bit tired of expatriated "Canadian poets" and "Canadian novelists," who have no Canadianism whatever, and who, when they write of this country, might as well be writing of Central Africa for all the truth of coloring and character-drawing that they exhibit. These people are wholly out of touch with the country—this is true almost without exception—and are less likely to ever get into touch with it than outsiders, because they have so long posed as specialists with regard to us. Therefore they continue, and may be expected to always continue, to perpetuate old ideas about our geography, climate, customs, and to put into the mouths of our settlers and half-breeds dialects that were never spoken in this Dominion or on this earth.

Heretofore our newspapers and our critics and students of literature have been very tolerant of the errors that these "Canadians" have committed, and of the liberties they have taken with our customs, institutions and peoples in the making of readable books. Without reproach we have allowed them to fill our North country and our West with characters who never existed and with races of people whom no explorer can find trace of.

The Canadian poets—most of them are abroad—without



MR. GEORGE McMURRICH
Toronto Mayorality Candidate for 1898.

In such blind, haphazard fashion as will obtain at the polls on Monday! Is it not a rude device, this balloting of the people for school trustees, when neither the voter nor the man voted for may know anything about education or school management, and when neither recognizes that it is a serious thing that he is meddling with?

THE New York Sun has for years taken an evil interest in Canada, and it has naturally followed closely the proceedings of the conference at Washington to see if any of its cherished principles were to be sacrificed. The Sun on December 25 published an article a column and a half in length, dated from Washington and under this heading: "Canada's Virtual Ruler; Aims and Personality of Sir Wilfrid Laurier; A Remarkable Impression made in Washington by the Canadian Premier; His desire for Reciprocity and views of the Future of Canada; Story of his Rise." The article goes on to say that the social season in Washington opened three weeks earlier than usual, owing to the meeting of the Commissioners, and that Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Canadian Prime Minister, "has made an extraordinary impression, not only among men in public life, but also socially." The correspondent goes on to say that the impression made by him is indicated by the fact that the United States representatives on the Commission were bound that Sir Wilfrid should not hold them responsible for refusing to meet his wishes on reciprocity, and so led him about interviewing Senators who would not patiently hear of such a thing as the reciprocity proposal.

The correspondent of the Sun, however, pays respects to the views of the Sun by saying: "He is not insensible to the existence of the annexation sentiment in Canada, but he has ambitions for Canada apart from that. . . . Yet he says that no other system than that of the United States could prove so tempting if it should ever seem to be to the advantage of Canada to unite with a stronger power." Following these

years in a household where French was the only tongue.

The correspondent concludes by saying that Sir Wilfrid Laurier's "visits to Washington have certainly aroused a new and more friendly interest in the country beyond the St. Lawrence. Many have caught some of his enthusiasm over the prospects of that country and sympathy with his efforts to promote its greatness." It seems impossible, however, for the Sun to understand this country. Its article creates the impression that there is something new—something pregnant with revolution and change in the popularity and power that Sir Wilfrid has attained in this country. Three times in the article he is referred to as "the virtual ruler of the Canadas." He is, to be sure, the virtual ruler of Canada, as by our system of Government our Premier is required to be. But there is nothing tragic in sight; there has been no grand coup on his part, no seizure of anything; he is the virtual ruler of Canada, just as Sir John Macdonald was for an uninterrupted period of eighteen years. That he made a great impression at Washington we are all glad to know, and it is no more than we expected.

WHEN the *Globe* sent out a man the other day to interview some of the leading citizens of Toronto as to what they consider the city's greatest needs, Mr. E. H. Osler, M.P., was seen, and in answer to the enquiry said: "Less humbug, more honest work and a stopping of the practice of hitting things that are already in existence. The last will do more to induce other things to come here than anything else. There has hardly been a private enterprise started in Toronto in the last five years that the whole community has not jumped on and tried to stop it the moment it has become a success." It would be difficult to put into words anything more true than this. The men who offer to do anything are cried down, and driven away as if they were banditti. The various proposals with regard to removing the cattle market or extending the old one have led to all kinds of charges being made in public, until the average

authority put our trademark on a characterless out-put of rhyme and riddle that is as foreign to us as anything could well be. We look in vain through this mass of verse for one true note, one native breath. It is not there. These rhymers seem inspired, not by any northland vigor that they carried abroad with them, but by the market price of verse in the cities in which they may linger. They are, for the most part, not poets, but Canadian poets; just as a certain metal is not silver, but German silver. The least these people can do is to be grateful to the country that magnanimously lends its name to their purposes. Some day we shall produce a poet and he will begin by finding himself heavily handicapped. Of course Grant Allen has asked nothing of us in his fiction; our continued interest in him has been gratuitous—as undeserved as unasked.

Plain Talk About Expansion.

FROM the first SATURDAY NIGHT had no faith in the professions of disinterestedness made by the United States in venturing into war to "free Cuba." This paper said plainly that the United States had only one interest in Cuba, and that a covetous desire to get possession of it. Things have so turned out. There can no longer be a doubt, now that "expansion" is the word all over the United States; that word and principle beginning its significance with the acquiring of Hawaii. The San Francisco Argonaut has always opposed and exposed the hypocritical pretenses of the public men and public prints of the United States, first as regarded Hawaii and later as regarded Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines. In fine form it now rails at the country for not having the courage of its greed. "The Argonaut believes in annexing Porto Rico. It believes in annexing Cuba. It believes in annexing the Philippines. But it does not believe in doing all this with the sanctimonious sniveling and sniffling and palm-singing which accompanied the Hawaiian grab. We stole the land of the Hawaiian people without even the pretense of conquering them. They were so weak that they could not wage war with us. It was not even highway robbery—it was sneak-thievery."

"We have taken the Hawaiian Islands because we had the power, and we shall keep them because we can. But in heaven's name let us stop babbling smug hypocritical lies and sniveling sermons through sanctimonious noses. Let us admit that we have grabbed these lands as Great Britain has grabbed lands all over the globe—because we want them and because we think they will pay. Let us cease talking of 'ameliorating the condition of the natives.' Let us frankly admit to ourselves and to the world that we are taking all these islands because we think they will be profitable, and that we would not take them if we thought they would be unprofitable."

"Let us cast aside this sentimental nonsense about all men being born free and equal. They are not. They never were. They never will be. When our forefathers put that into the Declaration of Independence they put into it a lie, and they knew that it was a lie. At the time they wrote it they were holding in slavery men whose skins were black. When they formulated the Federal Constitution they had to whip the around the stump in order to get into that document laws which would protect slaveholders in their holding of other men's bodies. They worded these laws so as not to talk of slavery openly, so as not to offend their own sanctimoniousness. Let us be more sincere than were our forefathers. They put into the Declaration of Independence a lie; they put into the Constitution a quibble; and half a century afterward it took a bloody war to attempt to remedy the evils resulting from their shuffling and their double-dealing. Those evils are only partially remedied."

"It is folly to hope that Porto Rico, the Philippines, or even Hawaii can ever become American States. . . . These lands may become our property, their inhabitants may become our servants, but they shall never become our equals."

"Let us take all these colonies and keep them. Let us take them for their native owners, and make their former owners work for us. Brutal people call that conquest. Squamish people may call it robbery. Perhaps it is and perhaps it is not. But if it is, in the name of all that is decent, let us not open the robbery with prayer."

A Bystander, in the *Weekly Sun*, says: "If you have an empire you are sure in some form to have an Emperor, not, it may be, a crowned head, but an autocrat or arbitrary power of some kind. Newly-born as the American empire is, the tendency to autocracy is already beginning to show itself. The President, though devoid of personal force, a mere availability, in fact, nominated because his name was connected with a bad tariff, evidently exercises more than ordinary if not more than constitutional power. Enormous sums are voted to him by Congress on his demand unconditionally and without restriction, while in Great Britain strict appropriation is the invariable rule. Let him or his successor be master of a great army and fleet, with all the military appointments, and he will soon be something more than the first citizen of the United States. Lincoln was dictator during the war, but with the war his dictatorship came to an end. The regime which now appears to be opening will not come to an end."

Social and Personal.

HERE is always a great scurrying about at Christmas-tide. People are going as or expecting guests. For years some families have been privileged to gather under the home roof, and like Sir William and Lady Meredith, they are sure to be off in good time to cheer the mother or the father, or in lucky case, both the dear old folks with the presence of themselves and their bonny boys and girls. The usual exodus and arrivals took place this year. People went to Hamilton, London, Woodstock, Chatham and Windsor to spend even a day or two with parents, and the incoming trains brought merry parties, from the rosy little mother with her tag-rag of rosy boys and girls to the pale young student and his girl-wife, who wanted just rest and cossetting after a hard term's work. These came home and many another of higher or lower degree, and they have filled the churches and the theaters and the concert-halls, and most of them are by this time packing up to go back, with impressions more or less satisfactory of the city and its ways. Perhaps the least-satisfied is the lady who had her pocket picked. There are quite a number who gave a dare to the Fagin disciples in our midst by carrying the purse in a candid pocket in the back breadth of the skirt, or jauntily tucked into a coat. The light-fingered generally got a small sum of money, a memorandum a foot long, samples of goods, return railway ticket, and some car tickets from the purses of our country visitors.

Mrs. Arthur Croll and her daughter are spending a short time in Port Hope. Mr. Muir of the Ontario Bank spent Christmas with his people in Port Dalhousie. Mr. Harry Hees is in New York visiting his fiancée, Miss Florence Tonkin, who, by the way, will be the loveliest of June brides. Mr. and Mrs. Fisk of Montreal are Christmas guests at Chudleigh. Mr. Gouin of Calgary has been entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Rose of St. Mary street. Mrs. Oliphant of Simcoe street is home from a nice tour in the States. Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Bickford spent Christmas with Mrs. Bickford's family in Kingston. Pretty Miss Loretto Scott is visiting her uncle, Hon. R. W. Scott, in Ottawa. Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery Lewis of London have taken Mr. Alcorn's house in Bismarck avenue; Mrs. Lewis, (nee Macdonald of Oaklands), has many welcoming friends.

Miss Thomson of Port Elgin spent Christmas, and Mrs. R. Barker of Port Elgin is spending Christmas and New Year's holidays with Mrs. W. S. Johnston of 88 Huntley street.

Captain and Mrs. Forester went up to London for the dance given by the officers last night. The little lady who was so pleasant and cordial an assistant hostess here last week, will doubtless enjoy an evening free from hospitable cares.

Mr. Carruthers and Mr. Edgar Carruthers have gone to California for a sojourn during the cold weather. Sergeant William Campbell spent Christmas week with his people in Chatham.

To-day are celebrated the nuptials of Mr. Howard Irish and Miss Smart of Lindenwood. The bride and groom will be unattended and the wedding quite quiet, but a number of guests are invited to witness it. Mr. Worts Smart is home from Eng-

land, but Mrs. Maron is not at all well, and her physicians are averse to her traveling. She will therefore not be up for the wedding.

Mrs. Charles Godfrey is up from the South for the holidays, and is visiting her mother, Mrs. Arthurs, in North street. Mrs. Stratford of Brantford spent Christmas with her sister, Mrs. J. Kerr Osborne, at Clover Hill. Mr. and Mrs. Carter Troop are in town. Mr. Frank O'Hara, Sir Richard Cartwright's private secretary, spent a day in town en route to the Capital from Chatham, where he spent Christmas with his parents. Mr. Cairns of The Wheelman spent Christmas with his fiancée, Miss Edith Moore of Chatham. Mr., Mrs. and Miss Chadwick of Lanmar left for New York immediately after Christmas with Mr. Vaux Chadwick to be present at his marriage on Thursday at Flushing. Mr. Thomas Tait spent Christmas in town. Many friends are sorry to hear that Colonel Drury of Kingston is quite ill.

Sad to chronicle in the joyous season is the advent of the grim guest who comes empty-handed but rarely leaves without bearing with him the cherished prize he asks for. Sometimes he has been long expected and dreaded, sometimes his visit is short, swift and pitiless. Both such visits have been made by Death to Toronto families this week, and in both cases there is the added pang of losing bright, clever and young men, for whom life had yet much unfulfilled. The pathetic decease of the much beloved and well known musician, whose place in the hearts of his friends will be always kept sacred, struck the first minor note in the chord of Christmas week, a faint note indeed, wafted from the far sunny land of Italy which he so loved; the second a rending cry from a startled and sorrowing family as they realized the loss of their dear one in the quaint home rectory in Winchester street. To both families in their trouble sympathy is freely poured out, and each friend feels how little can be said in such a case, and many fail in the saying, not for that thought, but for the personal sorrow over their own loss of a dear and valued friend. Mr. Pier Delascio was the kindest and most winning of men; coming a stranger to our city, he won his place by sheer worth and talent. Mr. Arthur Boddy, born and brought up among us, was always liked, as he deserved.

A very pretty wedding took place at St. Margaret's church on Tuesday evening, the contracting parties being Miss Lottie Ross, daughter of Mrs. S. Ross of Peter street, and Mr. Thomas H. Hewitt of Cumberland, Md. The ceremony was performed by Rev. R. J. Moore. Miss D. Coleman was bridesmaid, and Miss Annie Boyce and Miss Willa Waggoner were maids of honor. The groomsmen were Mr. Stewart G. Wells. After the ceremony a reception was held at the home of the bride's mother. Mr. and Mrs. Hewitt left on the 11.15 p.m. train for a trip through the Southern States, bearing with them the good wishes of their many friends.

Another wedding took place on Wednesday, when Miss Christie C. Henderson and Mr. Walter F. Donaldson were married. Dr. Parsons performed the ceremony and Mr. W. Galbraith presided at the organ. The bride was gowning in a traveling-dress of blue ladies' cloth and Duchesse satin, and was attended by Miss Winnett, who wore a Paris gown of pearl gray. Mr. Fred H. Gray was groomsmen. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Donaldson, Miss Donaldson, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Henderson, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Greene, Mrs. Cooper of Vancouver, Mr. Parsons and Mrs. Stone. Mr. J. D. Henderson, the bride's father, is an old resident of Toronto, and was connected with the Canada Life for several years. Mr. Donaldson is a well known Toronto boy, and was for a long time sergeant in "I" Company of the Queen's Own. He is now manager of a branch of the Armour Company in New York.

New Year's Day falling on Sunday, the old-fashioned custom of making New Year's calls will be indulged in on Monday. It is the one day of the year when all ladies must stay at home to receive the men, who, by the way, are allowed to start very early. In Scotland one minute after midnight is a favorite time



to start, the "first foot" being considered an especial honor. Last year I heard of the indignant impatience of four men who were kept waiting ten minutes before the pretty hostess appeared, and it was as "late" as half past two in the afternoon. Think of that, oh, first footers! and hostesses be warned!

Many have greatly enjoyed a very artistic play at the Grand this week, in which the curtain falls on most natural and cleverly presented pictures of the first decade of the present century. On Wednesday evening a very good audience witnessed the anniversary of the tercentenary performance of this play. Many strangers were in the audience, and a nice little box party occupied the box *vis-a-vis* to the "prompt" box, which was the one chosen to be honored by the tenancy of the Prince of Wales, and bravely decorated with electric lights, crimson hangings and the royal arms in crimson and gold. Quite a few cadets from the military colleges were present, their scarlet jackets being conspicuously smart, for, as usual, there has been a great family reunion as the Christmas feature in many a household. In the stalls were many critical playgoers who enjoyed the quiet refinement of the play. Among others, Mr. and Mrs. Allen Cassels, Mr. Minty, Miss Marion Barker, Mr. Strathy, Mr. Barker, Mrs. Allen Aylesworth, Miss Sasha Young and a jolly group of Alpha Deltas.

Mr. Albert E. S. Smythe has returned from Ireland. He was in town all week and left yesterday. On Wednesday evening Mr. Smythe addressed the Theosophical Society.

Sir Frank Smith has been ill for some time at Rivermount, and at last accounts was considerably better.

Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn gave a Christmas party to a very sweet assembly of little maidens for the pleasure of her little granddaughter, Miss Winifred Tait, who is on a holiday visit with her mamma to her grandparents. The party took place on Wednesday afternoon and was the happiest imaginable, games and a Christmas tree, with a Punch and Judy show, and a delicious tea being the ample provision for the joy of the small folks. Everyone is so glad to see Mrs. Tait about again after her serious illness, and the lovely grandmamma most of all, that this Christmas is unusually happy for the whole family.

Miss Violet Gooderham came up from New York for a Christmas visit at Waverley. She is getting on famously in voice culture, under Mr. George Sweet, the popular New York teacher. Miss Gooderham was one of Mr. Delascio's pupils, of whom the late basso predicted great things.

Mrs. Osler of Craigleigh is giving a young people's dance on next Friday evening. The same date has been chosen by the Hamilton Garrick Club and Leander Rowing Club for their fancy dress ball at the Drill Hall. The dance at Craigleigh is for some of the not-outs and some of the summer guests at Beecherroft, and is not at all a formal entertainment. Last year's dance is yet quoted as one of the pleasantest of the season.

Many are enquiring what is the date for the opening of the session at the Capital. This depends, of course, upon the duration of the Commission at Washington, and three or four weeks at most should see that to a finish. One gets quite a side glance at the life of the United States capital when letters come from



the Commissioners and their staff, and the staff tell many an amusing story of the happenings of their visit in Washington. One hears the names of the belles and the stories of society, all of which seem to bring us a good deal nearer than the most important among the issues of the Commission. We are very much the same in our social side after all, and Ottawa and Washington are finding out that a few tales told at tea, a few flirtations with aides and secretaries, a few scandals and a plentiful lot of quiet fun are the same old story in the snowy session on the Ottawa or the mild Commission by the Potomac.

Mr. "Dannie" Mann and Mr. William Mackenzie doing King during Christmas week, with long strides and absorbed in conversation, made people say, "What is in the wind now?"

Several young people's evenings and jolly teas have made bright cases in a quiet week, whose only large affair was the Grenadiers' dance on Thursday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Somers of Widmer street celebrated Christmas by a dinner to their family, including several generations, in one of the pretty and homelike private dining-rooms at the New Coleman.

General and Mrs. Sandham, who have spent a quiet winter at The Hall with Lady Gzowski, return home shortly to England. Lady Gzowski will then have the comfort of the residence with her at the homestead of her son, Mr. Casimir Gzowski, and his fine family, a great pleasure to the affectionate grandmother, whose daughter-in-law, Mrs. Gzowski, has always been so very congenial a companion. In her quiet and busy life Mrs. Gzowski has long been a wonder and delight to her circle; so wise and good a mother, so sweet a friend and so earnest a worker for every deserving cause.

Colonel Eyde was a welcome visitor this week in town. Colonel and Mrs. Smith of London have settled in Toronto.

Mrs. J. A. Rolston of 86 Cowan avenue, Parkdale, receives on the third and fourth Mondays instead of Tuesdays as formerly.

Mrs. Montizambert of St. George street gives two January teas on the eleventh and twelfth. The same dates are those set apart by Mrs. Barnard (nee Coldham) for her post-nuptial receptions at the Rossin House.

The first evening's sport enjoyed by the Roedale Toboggan Club was favored with a fine evening, just a dust of snow, and moonlight afterwards. It's a long time since the ravine has re-echoed the swish and rush of the toboggan and the bright voices and laughter of the merry men and maidens. The future meets are arranged for mid week evening and matinee afternoon, as an exquisite remark, to the uninitiated Wednesday evening and Saturday afternoon.

The usual series of official dinners at Stanley Barracks have been given, and the Premier is now a host upon whom devolves the holding of gastronomic assemblies. Ladies grace these latter feasts and the Speaker's rooms sometimes hold a very jolly company, official and social lights combined. Over all preside the debonair Premier and his handsome wife, who is a hearty hostess and a bright, sensible woman, her only fault being a forgetfulness of self, which leads her to exertions which tire her out. And there are others just as self-sacrificing on every side in this big city for whom guests and families are not sufficiently considerate.

Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather a large audience gathered to witness the entertainment given by the pupils of Miss Amy Sternberg's physical culture and dancing classes, at St. George's Hall, Elm street, on Thursday, December 22. Barrels, led by Miss Marguerite Jellet, and hoop exercises by the senior class were gone through with great precision and grace, while the Lilliputians delighted everybody with their free hand exercises and musical dumb-bells. A skirt dance by Misses Esther Benjamin and Olive Sheppard, a rainbow dance by Miss Josephine Sheppard, and a sailor's hornpipe by Miss Olive Sheppard were much admired. The afternoon closed with an Oxford minuet and two-step, in which all the classes joined. Miss Sternberg was highly complimented on the progress made by her pupils.

The Misses Monahan wish a contradiction to be made of the announcement elsewhere that they were the hostesses of a sleighing party.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Morgan were Christmas visitors much welcomed. They are spending the holidays with Miss Kingsmill in Grange avenue. Mrs. Morgan, nee Kingsmill, looks as if Hamilton agreed with her.

The engagement of Mr. Fred Somerville of Athelstane and Miss Mae Moffatt is announced.

Miss Helen Armstrong was fortunate in being home for Christmas, as so many incoming travelers were fog-bound in New York harbor and did not get in for the 25th. Miss Armstrong has had a jolly time in England and Ireland, and looks very well.

January 10 is the date decided upon by the High Park Golf Club for their dance. The event takes place in St. George's Hall, and the lady patronesses are: Mrs. Hutchison, Mrs. Dick, Mrs. Magann, Mrs. Leigh, Mrs. Gouinlock, Mrs. Paterson, Mrs. Lockie, Mrs. Wright, Mrs. Lindsey and Miss Scott.

A quiet ceremony at St. Margaret's church united in wedlock Miss Allie Beckett and Mr. George Verry. Their many friends will be sorry to hear they are leaving Toronto, but owing to Mr. Verry accepting a position in Toledo they will make that city their home in future.

Mr. Chisholm of the Imperial Bank spent the Christmas holiday in Buffalo.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Johnston of 88 Huntley street celebrated in a quiet way their silver wedding on Christmas day. Kind and beautiful remembrances were sent from Sidney, Australia; Cleveland, Ohio; Vancouver, Owen Sound, Port Elgin and Toronto.

At the old family home in London Sir William and Lady Meredith are spending the mid-winter holidays.

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Special for Christmas

2 clasp Gloves, in all colors, \$1 and \$1.25, with Fancy Stitchings.
2-clasp Derby Gloves.
4-bt. Gloves, in all sizes, 75c.
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Evening Gloves to match any costume.

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Handsome Bricades, Duchess Satins, Embroidered Chiffons and all-over effects for Dinner and Evening Gowns.

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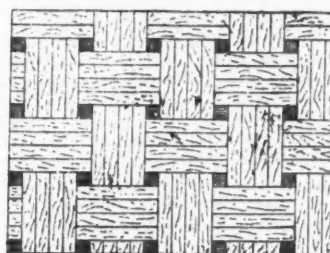
Our prices—our phenomenally close prices—on Diamonds are made possible simply because we select every stone personally from the hands of the men who actually cut them in Amsterdam.

It has taken years of experience and accumulation of capital to enable us to attain this position, but it has been attained, as our diamond values testify.

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Samples, with estimates, on application.

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How much better Kemp's

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enameled ware is than others.
We guarantee every piece bearing these labels.
You'll find them easy to clean, long lasting, perfectly pure and wholesome—and yet no more expensive than the poor kinds.

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For a Christmas Box

Nothing is more acceptable than a nice Palm or a pretty plant in full bloom.

Tidy the Florist

75 King Street West, Toronto

has an exceptionally fine stock at reasonable prices in his large conservatory attached to his store.
Plants and cut flowers can be safely shipped to any part of the Dominion. Orders by wire or mail will receive careful and prompt attention.

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Without doubt the finest and most completely fitted Turkish Baths in Canada can now be found at
104 King St. West.
Mr. Cook's ambition to surpass anything on this continent will no doubt be appreciated by the Toronto and out-of-town patrons who frequent this establishment.
Mr. Cook has added to his Turkish Baths the most improved methods in the Russian and Vapor baths. These no doubt will be very popular, being run under the same charges as before, viz., Day, 75c; Evening, between 6 and 10 p.m., 50c. Night baths, \$1.00, which includes sleeping compartment.



Plum Puddings

are made from a celebrated recipe that was awarded the prize over five hundred others in a competition in London, Eng.
They are sent out in cloth or tin, cooked ready for heating and serving.
The best grocers sell them throughout the Dominion, or they may be ordered direct from
THE HARRY WEBB CO., Limited
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Social and Personal.

Mr. George Sears and Mrs. Humphreys spent Christmas in Kingston with relatives.

Miss Bessie Hees left on Tuesday for Oswego, where she is to be bridesmaid at the wedding of a friend, and afterwards go to New York on a visit of some duration with Mrs. Hiram Cleaver Kroh. Her friends will miss her charming presence here.

Are there to be any dances in private houses this winter? asks the girl who can never dance enough. All those balls have only whetted her appetite and, like Oliver Twist, she asks for more. The dinner dances come now and then, and interest a limited number, but for the great number of young people outside that small coterie there are no other dances than the Grenadiers' assemblies yet on the tapis. But stay, I hear of something on the ninth, and the Argonauts are getting up a dance about the middle of the month. There is no young daughter at Waveney this winter, but there is such a moving spirit at Llawhaden, and in several other houses there are sons and daughters who should not omit to remind forgetful papas that good times have come, and at no time were there greater facilities for entertaining than at present in our city. The three halls which have seen such jolly dances, St. George's for the medium-sized party, the Temple Building for its bigger sister, and the Confederation Life for a real big private ball, are all sufficiently well known and proved to be most suitable for private dances. The expense of hire is more than compensated for by the comfort of not having to turn one's house upside down, and the dances lose none of their exclusiveness, while the dancers shower blessings on the hostess who gives them good floors, with plenty of space and ventilation, such as only three or four private houses in Toronto can offer.

The conversation at Knox College on Dec. 16 was one of the most successful in the history of the college. A very large audience was on hand for both concerts, and the promenade afterwards with supper downstairs in the dining-room was most enjoyable. Among the guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Clark, Colonel and Mrs. Cosby, Mr. and Mrs. Donald McKay, Mr. and Miss Jennings, the professors, and the wives of such as are happy enough to be married, Dr. and Mrs. Gordon, and many another good friend of the Scottish university. The Mayor was at another affair, but Mrs. Shaw and party were at the conversation and enjoyed it very much. The corridors were beautifully decorated, and the refreshments very nicely served. The usual stalwart crowd of students and bright, fair-faced maidens one always sees at Knox College had a remarkably good time, as indeed they invariably do.

Very few social events have been held this week; the season is more devoted to family gatherings, exchanging of letters, presents and hospitalities to visiting friends. On Christmas Day many jolly parties were assembled for the mid-day Sunday dinner, and every gathering seemed to number one or more guests whom the good host and hostess remembered as being either *en pension* or birds of passage through the city. Mrs. Claude Fox, whose husband is, with Mr. Arthur Ross, traveling in the west mining country, had Mrs. Ross and Mr. Hugo and Mr. Don Ross as guests for Christmas dinner, with Mrs. George Macdonald and Mrs. Carveth. The report of Mr. Fox's serious illness was happily not true, as he is quite well.

Major Girouard, who is in command of the railway construction corps in Egypt, and of whom G. W. Stevens in his book says that he is "the only man in Egypt who is frankly unafraid of General Kitchener," is a son of Mr. Justice Girouard of the Canadian Supreme Court. The Major was educated at the Royal Military College, Kingston; served two years in the survey and construction department of the C.P.R.; was given a lieutenancy in the Royal Engineers, and made traffic manager of the Royal Arsenal Railways at Woolwich. It was in 1896 that he joined the force under Lord Kitchener.

The death of Mrs. Eweretta Auldjo Prentice, wife of the late Edward Alexander Auldjo Prentice of Montreal, and granddaughter of the late Hon. John Richardson of Montreal, Canada, took place two weeks ago at her residence, 61 Wellington road, Regent's Park, London, Eng.

Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Oakley left last week for Los Angeles, where they intend spending the winter.

Mr. George H. Grundy, and his sister, Mrs. Owen, are now *en pension* at 189 Bloor street east.

Mr. Fritz Fox of the Union Bank has returned from his extended sojourn in the West, and was tendered a banquet on Tuesday evening last by his admiring friends in Grosvenor street.

Mrs. H. Brock of 511 Markham street gave a most enjoyable progressive pedro party last Thursday. The prizes were won by Mrs. Ward and Mr. Rickard Seaver, while Mrs. Ellis and Mr. Ward carried home the boobies. After supper the inevitable impromptu dance followed, and was kept up till long after midnight.

Mrs. A. E. Webb of Toronto is spending the holiday season at the home of her father, Rev. Alexander Macdonald, Napanee.

On Tuesday evening Miss Maude Dwight's young friends to the number of fifty enjoyed a most delightful progressive at the home of Mr. Dwight in St. George street. The card party was given in honor of Mrs. Matthews' young Southern guests, the Misses Buck of New Orleans. Supper was served at twelve, and it was remarked that a number of lovely debutantes have

never looked better than at this pleasant affair. The talented girl who is to make her elocutionary debut at Massey Hall on Monday evening, as Miss Temple Dixon, was much admired, and everyone is greatly interested in her success.

Miss Wellington's young friends took afternoon tea with her on Wednesday at her parent's home in Gerrard street, and a very merry party they were, in highest spirits and good humor with generous old Santa Claus, who has been unusually generous to old and young this year.

Society at the Capital.

THOSE six days immediately preceding Christmas are usually devoid of any social gaieties in Ottawa. Domestic duties are so prominently to the fore that one's obligations to society are neglected for the nonce. But this year has proved an exception to the rule and the smart set have attended a very jolly dance, a large At Home and several very charming little teas. A skating party was also on the cards, but the inexorable clerk of the weather interfered and it was called off. The dance came off on Thursday evening with Mrs. Charles Keefer as the hostess. It was given in honor of her daughter, Miss Bessie Keefer, who looked as sweet and winsome as only a pretty debutante can look, in blue silk trimmed with chiffon. Mrs. Keefer, gowned in black satin, received in the stately old drawing-room, assisted by her daughters and by Mrs. Fleming of Toronto, who, with her husband, came down to spend Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Keefer. Dancing took place in two large apartments, while in a room downstairs, bright with Union Jacks and holly, a dainty supper was served. The guests included several Military College cadets who are spending the holidays with their people.

Miss Loretto Scott, who has been spending the past few months with her mother at the Arlington, in Toronto, arrived in town on Friday. She is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. D'Arcy Scott.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Orde are spending this week in Montreal with Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Burland.

Mrs. Sanders, wife of Dr. Sanders, director of the Experimental Farm, has sent out cards for Thursday afternoon, when she will give a large At Home. Quite one of the largest and most successful dances of the season was that given on Thursday afternoon by Mrs. H. Carleton Monk in honor of her pretty sister, Miss Wilson. It took place in the Racquet Court, which, with its perfect floor and cosy little sitting-out rooms, is an ideal place for a dance at any time. Looking very handsome in black satin with a yoke of white silk, Mrs. Monk received in the sitting-room, which leads into the ball-room. From a gallery where an orchestra was concealed, the tempting strains of dance music came throughout the afternoon. One of the most admired of the many guests was Mrs. Dominick Brown, in an ultra-smart gown of dark material, with a bodice of velvet and jet, and a picturesque hat with waving white and black plumes. A few of the many present were: Lady Strong, Lady Grant, Lady Ritchie, Mrs. Clifford Sifton, Mrs. King, Mrs. Burbridge, the Misses Burbridge, Mrs. George Foster, Mrs. Clemow, Mrs. Gwynne, Mrs. Crombie, Mrs. Schreiber, Mrs. Cambie, Misses Grant, Ritchie, Grey, Scott, Cambie, Smith, Gormully, Mallock, Stewart, and Messrs. St. John, Scott, Pugsley, Taylor, Macoun, Bucke, Anderson, Lawless, and many others.

Among the arrivals which this season brings to town are charming Mrs. Spain, who has joined her husband, Captain Spain, R.N.; Mr. and Mrs. George Desbarats, who are staying with the Secretary of State and Mrs. Scott; Mr. Charles Mackintosh, who is the guest of his sister, Mrs. S. H. Fleming, and Mr. Alexis Isbester, who is studying at Toronto University.

Mrs. Cockburn Clemow's two charming daughters, Misses Iline and Gwendolen, are in Toronto spending the holidays with their aunt, Mrs. Somerville.

Miss Cora Powell of Victoria, B.C., who has been in town the guest of Mrs. Douglas Farmer, has left for Hamilton, where she joins a merry house-party assembled under Mr. Oronok's hospitable roof.

Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier and Sir Louis and Lady Davies returned last week from Washington. The latter are accompanied by their clever daughter, who is studying elocution at Boston.

Colonel Kitson, Commandant of the Royal Military College, Kingston, spent a couple of days in town this week with Major-General and Mrs. Hutton at Earncliffe.

Mrs. Dobell gave an enjoyable skating party at the Rideau Rink on Monday afternoon. Tea, coffee and ices were served in the tea-room upstairs, while a band furnished music for the many skaters on the smooth ice below.

Sir Sandford Fleming and his niece, Miss Elsie Smith, returned on Thursday from Montreal, where they were the guests of Lord and Lady Strathcona.

His Excellency the Governor-General and Lady Minto, accompanied by Lady Sybil Beaulieu, Major and Mrs. Drummond and the two aides, visited Montreal last week, going down by special train. During their visit they were the guests of Lord Strathcona in his palatial residence, and he gave a magnificent reception in their honor on Monday evening, at which all Montreal—that is, smart Montreal—was present. The following evening the party attended the Charity Ball in Her Majesty's Theater. Lady Minto's gown was of pink satin, with chiffon and pearl trimmings. Lady Sybil Beaulieu was in black satin, while Mrs. Drummond, *distinguee* as usual, wore green satin. Ottawa, Dec. 27, 1898.

Seeker—You know young Dr. Cupper; doesn't he impress you as being the most inert, spiritless fellow of your acquaintance? Sageman—That depends on his surroundings; in the dissecting-room he cuts up awfully.—*Boston Courier.*

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we can make you happy. We study the contour of the head and dress the hair to suit the features. If you need Hair Goods, we have the largest and best stock in America to choose



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Canary and Cat Show.

MOST interesting features of the twenty-fifth annual show of the Ontario Poultry Association, which is to be held conjointly with the American Poultry Association and the Toronto Poultry Association in the Pavilion from January 9 to 13 next, will be the exhibition of those deadly enemies, cats and canaries, which will be held under the special auspices of the Toronto Association, as will also the exhibitions of dressed poultry, rabbits and pheasants. As there will be many visitors from the United States, some coming from as far south and west as Louisiana and California, it is desirable that an extra good exhibit of these classes should be made. It is, therefore, hoped that the ladies of the city will interest themselves and send their pets to the show, especially appointed committees having undertaken to bestow upon them the greatest care. Many valuable prizes are offered, and among the notabilities who are interesting themselves in the affair is Mrs. Ethyl Comyns-Lewer, editress of *The Feathered World*, a very successful and cleverly conducted publication, issued weekly in England. Prize lists have been freely circulated, but those who have not obtained them can secure copies from Thomas A. Browne, secretary, London, Ont., or from Mr. R. Durston, who will be in attendance at the Toronto Exhibition offices, 82 King street east, on Saturday and Monday afternoons, Dec. 31 and Jan. 2, when entries close.

The Silk Petticoat.

ADVANCED women are making a crusade against the silk petticoat as a "detriment and a nuisance," and hopeful writers in some of the New York papers affect to believe that the death knell of these swishing garments has been sounded. A prominent member of a women's club in Georgia at a recent convention took the first step in the movement when she declared the skirts were a nuisance.

"You would agree with me," she said, "if you were to attend one of our meetings. You can hardly hear what is going on for the rustling skirts. At our last convention, in the middle of our most important discussions, some belated member would enter the hall and sail up its entire length, the 'swish, swish, swish' of the rustling silken skirts fairly drowning the voice of the speaker. During my own address I was forced to stop entirely for three or four minutes while the noisy, rustling, swishing skirts were settled to the satisfaction of the wearers."

"Now, I ask you, is it the thing for a club that is organized for the higher aims of womanhood to permit such frivolity among its members?"
"At an extra meeting held by the officers of our club we debated upon this question and we decided that the only

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We have still a few left of these dainty goods, and will sell them all out at 20 per cent. discount.

New Year Cheques

We have lithographed a second 5,000 of these cheques, which are in great demand for sending out with the New Year—15c. a book; 2 for 25c.

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thing sensible women could do was to taboo silk petticoats entirely, and insist that women should cease to wear them."

Another club represented in this same convention found the silk petticoat nuisance so great that an extra trombone was engaged for the orchestra, and during the entrance and settling down process of the members, while the rustling and swishing was at its height, this trombone was played for all it was worth, in the effort to drown the noise of the skirts.

But the advanced women are not the ones who perpetuate fashions, and it is not for them to say whether the silk petticoat shall go. The manager of a large New York store said in regard to this:

Turn Over a New Leaf

Promise

yourself on the threshold of a new year to give up the worry and hard work and uncertainty when you want a nice, rich, nutritious soup after this, in a hurry.

One of those convenient little Soup Squares of highest quality (Lazenby's) makes 1 1/2 pints of fine soup, and without any effort on your part either.

Lazenby's Soup Squares

Made in England, but sold Everywhere.

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Among the many styles manufactured by this company the long-waist

"VICTORIA"

is one deserving of particular notice, combining all the excellencies of the highest class French corsets in elegance of form, ease and comfort of wear and lightness in weight.

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We cordially invite you to visit and see our splendid stock of Palms, Ferns and Flowering Plants.

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Bon-Bons & Chocolates

Large Assortment of Fancy Boxes and Baskets
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DORENWEND'S January Reduction Sale of Hair Goods

Do not fail if you require anything in Hair Goods to call during our sale and inspect our Switches, Bangs, Wavy Fronts, Wigs, Toupees, etc., which are selling now at GREAT BARGAINS. Nothing but first quality cut hair bought or sold. We have still a few suitable

"New Year's Gifts"

In Dressing Cases, Collar and Cuff Boxes, Manicure Sets, Work Boxes, Perfumery sold singly and in cases. Hair Ornaments of every description. We sell large quantities at small profits.

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A Tale of a Battle, AND TWO OF THE ARISTOCRACY.

BY GRACE NAIRN.

It was one evening in London that we first heard the news. There was a dinner party at our house and Frank and I had got on our best clothes and were sent down to dessert. We liked that, because you generally sat next to some bald-headed old man who gave you just the things you weren't allowed to eat, and of course you had to take them or it would have hurt his feelings. It always seemed a very short time until everybody got up and mother and all the ladies went away. Poor things! I did pity them, having to leave such a lot of nice things behind. Frank always went with them, but I was the eldest, so I stayed, because I always think the men have the best of it; they can go on eating for ever so long. This evening I thought them all very solemn and stupid, and even Uncle Jack didn't make them laugh. I suppose I went to sleep, because my head suddenly bumped against the back of my chair and I heard an old gentleman say: "I can see it will be a big fight. They are nasty people to tackle. I hope you are taking down plenty of help." And another said: "They will attack you right and left; you can't begin too soon."

"I was preparing all last week," said my father, "and we all go down to-morrow. Jack will be there to help me, but I know it will be a struggle. I only wish it could be done peacefully."

I listened, breathless. There was going to be a battle! But against whom? Uncle Jack was a soldier, and I knew father was a knight, though he didn't wear armor, because I asked our governess why mother was called "Lady Munster" and father only "Sir Thomas," and she said it was because he was a knight. I was glad he was a knight; still, I did wish he would wear armor.

I slipped from the table and rushed up to our room. To my disgust Frank was asleep.

"Frank, wake up," I exclaimed, shaking him; "there's going to be a battle."

"Is there?" Well, can't we put it off till to-morrow?" he replied sleepily.

It was maddening.

"There's going to be a real battle," I explained. "We are going home to-morrow and Father and Uncle Jack are going to fight and kill lots of people. Very likely we shall all be killed, because the man with the eye-glass said it was going to be a sharp fight. Won't it be jolly?"

"Yes," said Frank doubtfully, sitting up. "But I can't see what good we shall do. We're too little to fight."

Frank isn't a coward, but I suppose I put the killing part rather bluntly, and then he was only half awake. "Oh," I said grandly, "when the men are away fighting we shall be left at home to protect the women."

Full of importance we collected all our guns and artillery and stowed them into the half packed boxes in the nursery and decided not to say anything to nurse, because women are so easily alarmed. The next morning we left London for the country.

We eagerly scanned the baggage but didn't see any armor or guns, so we supposed they were being sent down secretly. Father wasn't there, only Uncle Jack, and we didn't say anything about the war for fear of frightening mother. The carriage met us at the station.

"Roads pretty quiet?" asked Uncle Jack. This gave us a thrill of excitement. "Yesser; nothing to be alarmed about," the coachman answered. We almost wished he had said the hedges were lined with archers.

There were a lot of miners loafing about the village as we drove through. Several dirty little boys ran up to the carriage and Charles drove them off with the whip. Instantly there arose a hiss, and a man threw an egg at mother, but Uncle Jack caught it and threw it back and it hit the man in the eye.

Home seemed much as usual, but we sniffed the coming battle in the air, and were possessed by an unnatural calm. At dinner time father came down with several men, but they weren't armed. I dare say they were disguised. The next morning we actually had to do lessons—an unheard-of thing on the eve of a civil war—and all was quiet except that the men went out every night.

The fourth morning we could stand it no longer, for as I went into the nursery I found nurse binding up Uncle Jack's arm in a sling. He was wounded! There had been a battle and we had missed it! It was a bitter blow. But Uncle Jack explained that Frank and I were expected to protect the ladies, and he said he should feel it a great relief if he could leave mother and Miss Dynevor in our hands. We couldn't complain after that, for I somehow felt that Miss Dynevor was a sacred trust.

To our consternation, at lunch mother and Miss Dynevor said they were going away and would not be back until the next day. Frank and I watched them drive away with father, and then we faced the situation.

"Frank," I said, "we can't bear this suspense. We mustn't miss another battle."

"Are you sure there is going to be another?" he asked.

"Of course," I said, indignantly. "Uncle Jack said this morning it was going to be a sharp fight."

"Why do they take mother and Miss Dynevor?" he asked, not unnaturally.

"Oh, well, to give the laurel crowns to the knights, I expect," I said. "I don't suppose they will be allowed to see the killing."

"But oughtn't we to stay and guard the women?" asked Frank.

"Oh, bother the women," said I. "There's only nurse and Miss Fletcher, and nobody would touch them. It's only beautiful women like mother and Miss Dynevor that have a price set on their heads."

We had to wait till after tea before we could slip out, and then we were in such a hurry that we forgot to take arms, or even hats, and tore off in the direction of the village.

We saw a large crowd outside a big sort of school-house, and quite unnoticed we crowded in by a side door. We found ourselves in a large stuffy room, with a platform at one end, and in front a sea of angry red faces. We knew that we had got into the very heart of the rebellion and we felt like soldiers surprising a Gunpowder Plot. A man was talking very loudly from the platform, and the crowd hissed and groaned by turns. "Who is this Sir Thomas Munster?" the man was saying. "What will he do for you? Only crush and grind you down for his own glorification. What will the grand lady do for you who drives past in her carriage and does not care if your children live or die? She spends the money that would give you fair wages and healthy homes. I don't remember what else he said, but boiling with anger I scrambled up to the platform and called out, "It's a lie, and only a coward would say such a thing."

The man stopped abruptly and stared at me and Frank, who had climbed up behind me, losing a shoe in his haste. Then he roared, "A lie, is it, you bloated young aristocrat!" and his voice was drowned in the hoots and yells that followed. "We'll fight anyone who says it again," I shouted, enraged at being called an "aristocrat," which I thought must mean something very bad indeed. Just then a stone hit Frank over the eye, but he bit his lips and shoved his hands in his pockets and stood quite still. Someone shouted "Shame!" and two or three men caught back the miner who had clenched his fist to strike me, and then there were cries of "Speech" and a sudden silence. A man said they were waiting for me to speak, so I shouted at the top of my voice, "That man told lies about my father and mother, but perhaps it was because he didn't know them, so it wasn't his fault. My father is a knight, and knights always look after the women and children, and only fight the bad men; and if you all went over to father's side, and didn't fight against him, I know he would give you new houses, and work, and doctors. And mother would like to know you all, only when we came through the village you threw things at her, and it's cowardly to throw things at women, and it's cowardly to throw things at Frank, because he's only a little boy and has only got one shoe on, and—oh, here's Uncle Jack and he'll tell you father wants to be friends."

But Uncle Jack dashed onto the platform and caught up Frank, whose forehead was bleeding, and had suddenly got very white and tumbled in a heap on the floor. I suppose the people were sorry, for one of the men made a long speech, and so did Uncle Jack, and they gave three cheers for Sir Thomas and three for us, and cleared a passage for us, and Uncle Jack drove us home. While we had our supper in bed he came and told us that father was going to be a Member of Parliament, and that he was fighting to get votes, not to kill people, and that we had won over the worst set of miners, and now he thought father would get it, because he had gone with mother to address another meeting. He didn't say it was naughty of us to run away alone, and when we asked if we ought to have stayed and guarded the house for mother and Miss Dynevor he said he would not trouble us to look after Miss Dynevor again, as in future he was going to do that himself.

A Slight Mistake.

The man in clerical black tiptoed softly into the office and sat down on the edge of a chair, with his hat held in both hands. The manager of the International Amusement Company regretfully put down the morning paper at a point where Welterweight Tim had only half finished the Oshkosh Boy, and remarked: "Well, sir?"

"I—er—I am the pastor of the Lonesomehurst Chapel," said the visitor, "and I called to see you about that entertainment which you furnished us last evening."

"Oh, yes. Let's see; we sent you Dodsley with his talk about Through Palestine with Camel and Camera. How'd you like it?"

"I—that is—we thought there must have been some mistake."

"Mistake! Wasn't the lecture all right? I assure you that Mr. Dodsley never touches a drop."

"Oh it wasn't that. The lecturer was all right, and he gave us a very interesting and instructive discourse; but the pictures were hardly appropriate, and I'm afraid that spoiled the effect. There were views of a prize fight taken in some place called Carson City, and Mr. Dodsley, having his back to the screen, did not notice them until he was almost through."

But before the manager had finished explaining, a committee from the Knock-out Sporting Club was wrecking the furniture of the outer office.

Who Built the Pyramids?

Hard to tell in some instances. But we know who are the great nerve builders. They are Scott & Bowne. Their Scott's Emulsion feeds and strengthens brain and nerves.

Joseph's 2.37 Horse.

"NEVER could miss a horse deal," said one of the former proprietors of the Guttenburg race-track with a chuckle of satisfaction, "but my last venture was a Jim Dandy."

Over in Jersey a few weeks ago I was driving along the pike, about five miles from my country home, when an old farmer I know poked his whiskers over his fence and asked if I didn't want to buy an ancient plug, which he held by a halter to keep from falling down. I stopped, of course, and examined the steed. There was about three dollars' worth of meat on him, five dollars' worth of vitality, and two cents' worth of speed. I didn't exactly see what I could do with such a monumental wreck, but the horse-trading passion grew strong within me and I said:

"How much for the equine gold brick?"

"Thirty dollars," returned the farmer.

"For how many?" I asked politely.

"This is selected stock. Comes one in a box," was his retort.

"I'll give you ten," said I, "and no questions asked."

"Let's divide the pot," he said. "Call it twenty and this beautiful Hambletonian is your'n."

Well, I liked the farmer and I liked his sporty talk, and as I had spent some previous time in dalliance at the road-house, money had ceased to look as lovely as usual. So I gave him twenty and led the four-legged graveyard home. I kept him on grass for a week or two and noticed that he began to pick up a little form. This also attracted the attention of a coal-black gentleman whom I employ on my place as a valet to the cows and lesser stock. One bright, dewy morning he shuffled up and said:

"Boss, what yo' taak fo' de new hoss?"

"Does some benevolent association want to buy him?" I asked. The black gentleman grinned till his teeth shone like a monument builder's exhibit at a world's fair.

"No, sah," said he. "Ah's lookin' fo' hoss flesh fo' m'self."

"But this is a very valuable animal, Joseph," said I, reflectively, "and his possibilities in speed are unlimited. The only thing that worries me is his impossibilities. I should think \$100—"

"Ah'll give yo' fifty, boss," broke in Joseph. "Cawn't spare no more'n dat."

A kind heart and a generous, noble nature have always been against me in matters of commerce, so I sold the nag to the black gentleman for his half-century and dismissed the transaction from my mind as unworthy of regret. But a few days afterwards he came around to discuss his purchase.

"Boss," said he, "Ah's pow'ful sorry fo' yo'."

"What's the matter with me?" I asked. "Am I sick again?"

"Yo' done will be wen yo' heahs de news," he answered. "Boss, dat fifty-dollar hoss yo' done sole me goes in two thirty-seven!"

"Don't, Joseph," said I, pained beyond expression by this evidence of decadence. "Remember Ananias and what one puny little effort did for him."

"Fact, boss; 'deed hit is," he insisted, and he called a runt of an African who had recently appeared in the neighborhood to come and back up his assertion.

"Two-thirty-seven's his time, sah," said the runt, pulling out a handsome stop-watch, which he explained in some confusion had been presented to him by a lady friend for being good. "Mc'n Joe done had him down to the track, 'n' trotted him 'round in yo' ole sulky in dat time, sah, 'cordin' to de watch."

If that is the case, Jo-eph," said I, "I am willing to buy the animal back at a comfortable advance. Looking at the horse now in a charitable light, I perceive that his days are numbered and will soon be tabulated on a cold, cold slab. You may touch me for \$80, and I'll take the animal off your hands."

"But the low-down African grinned.

"'Bid him up, boss," said he, "Ah's used to auctions."

"Joseph," said I, "you grieve me deeply. Would you for the mere greed of filthy lucre restrain the hand of benevolence? I'll give you \$85."

"Money'll have t' talk louder'n dat, boss," said the perverse one. "Once mo', ef yo' please."

"Seventy dollars, then, if you're good."

"Dat's A, B, C, boss. Sling some good ole dictionary langwidge with free fighas in hit."

Well, before I got through with Joseph he ran me up to \$125. Then I started over to the track with him, his runt friend with the stop-watch, and the bony old glue-pot filler of a horse to witness a performance before paying my cash. The track in question is an abandoned bicycle course which I overhauled last spring as a sprinting place for my own horses and the horses of my friends. When we arrived the two black gentlemen hustled the nag into an old sulky. Joseph mounted and the funeral procession moved up the course.

The runt pulled his stop-watch and I consulted mine. Joseph plied the whip and let his record breaker out for all he

was worth, which appeared to be about as much as a goat hitched to a canal boat.

"By and by, as the sun went down and the moon came up, Joseph and his horse came under the wire."

"What's de time?" he asked his sable friend expectantly. A smile of triumph split the runt's face in two.

"He done it in two-thirty-six an' er half," he answered, and I laid my weary head between my hands and laughed until it hurt me.

"Wha' fo' yo' laugh, boss?" asked Joseph, coming up to receive the expected \$125. "Am yo' glad to git him so cheap?"

"Joseph," I said, when I caught my breath, "I'll not deprive you of your thoroughbred unless you insist, and in that event I must alter my figures. Instead of \$125, I have not the heart to offer you more than \$125."

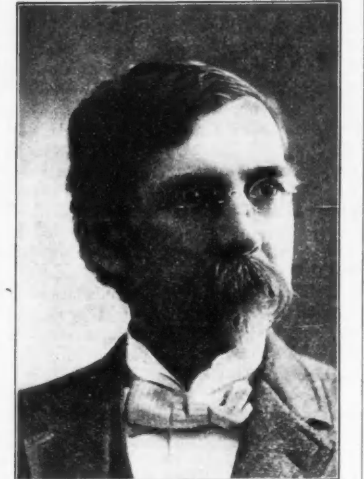
"Fo' de Lawd's sake, boss! What's de matter wid yo'?" gasped Joseph, pop-eyed with astonishment. "Didn't he go 'round de track in two-thirty-six an' er half?"

"He did for a fact, Joseph; he did," said I.

"Den what's wrong?" he demanded.

"Nothing, Joseph; absolutely nothing," I answered. "Only this happens to be a half-mile track!"

"The two colored gentlemen fell down in the dust."



"Let every man first become himself that which he teaches others to be."

Such has been the achievement of Henry D. Perky, founder of the New Era Cooking School, Worcester, Mass., and well known authority on Dietetics. He is a living example of a perfectly healthy man, and this is what he teaches others may be, if they will use properly cooked, naturally organized food. Mr. Perky teaches that good health is merely a matter of maintaining a proper proportion in the several elements constituting the human body. If this proportion is maintained, it excludes the idea of weaknesses commonly called indigestion, sick headache, rheumatism and the countless ills borne by those who seemingly know everything but the one vital truth, that the body is built of the food one eats, and it can be no better nor in any better proportion than the character of this food makes possible.

Of himself Mr. Perky says: "From the most abject physical wreck I have succeeded, by the use of naturally organized food, in reorganizing my body into perfectly healthy conditions. I use no other bread nor cereal food product than shredded whole wheat biscuit, and dishes made from these biscuits. I am 55 years of age, and feel younger than 20 years ago."

Recipes for over 250 ways of preparing the food that forms Mr. Perky's diet are found in the Vital Question, 4th Ed., illustrated in natural colors and beautifully bound. It will be mailed free to those interested in this subject, upon request, mentioning this paper. Address

The New Era Cooking School,
Worcester, Mass.

Smoking Among London Women.

The London correspondent to the New York Herald in his last despatch says: "Walking in Bond and Regent streets the other day I was struck by a novelty of the season which is announced in the windows of jewel stores to be a cigarette holder for ladies. Dainty things they are. Some are exquisitely cut in amber and encrusted with jewels. Some are fixed to rings studded with brilliants and worn on the finger. The majority, however, are jeweled with turquoise, which ladies consider a lucky stone for December. I have not yet seen any ladies with these holders, though a jeweler from whom I inquired, told me he already had sold many for Christmas gifts."

I next asked several west end tobacconists about ladies smoking. One said he had sold six times as many cigarettes, specially made for ladies, as last year, but the most reliable opinion seemed to be that smoking among the ladies had quadrupled here in one year."

Love!
Life.

'Tis said, woman loves not her lover
So much as she loves, his love of her;
Then loves she her lover
For love of her lover,
Or love of her love of her lover!

Latest News From Devil's Island.

The Special Envoy of the Paris Matin, in his detailed report, (Oct. 28th 1898), of his visit to ex-Captain Dreyfus, gives the list of "Little Wants," which the prisoner sends in monthly to civilization, among which was a request for

2 bottles **Hunyadi János**

Natural Aperient Water.

This proves that, although cut off from civilization for 4 years, the ex-Captain still remembered the name of

The Best Natural Laxative Water.



Her husband: "This is a delicious cup of tea you've given me."

"Yes," said his wife.

"How much does that cost?" he enquired.

"Eternal vigilance," she answered.

Otherwise a "so-called" just-as-good substitute is pretty sure to be pushed upon you, because all teas leave the grocer a larger profit than does this tea "Salada."

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The many men readers of SATURDAY NIGHT will be interested in examining our stock of cheffoniers. One is wanted for your room—for its convenience—for the finish it gives to the room.

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Catarrh of the Stomach.

A PLEASANT, SIMPLE, BUT SAFE AND EFFECTUAL CURE FOR IT.

Catarrh of the stomach has long been considered the next thing to incurable. The usual symptoms are a full or bloating sensation after eating, accompanied sometimes with sour or watery risings, a formation of gases, causing pressure on the heart and lungs, and difficult breathing; headaches, sickle appetite, nervousness, and a general played out, languid feeling.

There is often a foul taste in the mouth, coated tongue and if the interior of the stomach could be seen it would show a slimy, inflamed condition.

The cure for this common and obstinate trouble is found in a treatment which causes the food to be readily, thoroughly digested before it has time to ferment and irritate the delicate mucous surfaces of the stomach. To secure a prompt and healthy digestion is the one necessary thing to do and when normal digestion is secured the catarrhal condition will have disappeared.

According to Dr. Harlandson the safest and best treatment is to use after each meal a tablet composed of Diastase, Aseptic Pepsin, a little Nux, Golden Seal and fruit acids. These tablets can now be found at all drug stores under the name of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets and not being a patent medicine can be used with perfect safety and assurance that healthy appetite and thorough digestion will follow their regular use after meals.

Mr. N. J. Bocher of 2710 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill., writes: "Catarrh is a local condition, resulting from a neglected cold in the head, whereby the lining membrane of the nose becomes inflamed and the poisonous discharge therefrom passing backward into the throat, reaches the stomach, thus producing catarrh of the stomach. Medical authorities prescribed for me for three years for catarrh of stomach without cure; but to-day I am the happiest of men after using only one box of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets. I cannot find appropriate words to express my good feeling. I have found flesh, appetite and sound rest from their use."

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets is the safest preparation, as well as the simplest and most convenient remedy for any form of indigestion, catarrh of stomach, biliousness, sour stomach, heartburn and bloating after meals.

Send for little book (mailed free) on

stomach troubles, by addressing F. A. Stuart Co., Marshall, Mich. The tablets can be found at all drug stores.

Visiting Englishman—How do you account for this policy of expansion? Mr. Starnestripes—Well, you see, we got hot. Heat always expands.—Life.

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It will give nervous energy to the overworked brain and nerves. It will add flesh to the thin form of a child, wasted from fat-starvation.

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If your dealer has not got them he can get them for you.
\$1. to \$30 a pair.

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Some Notes on Gotham.

BY ORLECOIGNE.

AND the shops of New York! How one longs for the long purse that a fairy godmother never allows to empty itself! How the thousand and one dainty and exquisite requisites of a woman's toilet delight the feminine eye at every turn, and are displayed in these great shops to the very best advantage. But, even more enticing and enchanting than are these great departmental stores, are the shops of the New York florists. Words fail one to describe the exquisite loveliness of some of their windows. Wherever one chances to find oneself, one has not many blocks to traverse before a florist of some sort appears, be it a shop or a stand out on the pavement, where deliciously fragrant and lovely flowers can often be bought far more reasonably than in the shops. But the florists which hold one enthralled with delight are Fleischmann's, under the Hoffmann House, and Thorley's. Nothing could be more beautiful or artistic than the windows and interior of Fleischmann's, and no matter how rushed one is, one feels impelled to stop and gaze with envy at the delicious display that is always there: roses, lilies-of-the-valley, orchids, violets, ferns, etc. Then does the wish for unlimited wealth possess one—to be able to go in and order of the loveliest, to have them carefully stowed away in one of the exquisitely dainty violet-fluted and be-ribboned boxes piled up beside the lovely flowers in such tantalizing array; to be able to follow always the promptings of the spirit to shower flowers on those who are dear to us, is one of life's greatest small pleasures.

A visit to New York, even when one has no friends there, cannot fail to be attractive; how much more the enjoyment is enhanced by having good friends there can only be understood by those who have experienced the true hospitality and know the large, kind, generous nature of the hearts that beat in the bosoms of those who are loyal to Uncle Sam. They are hospitable in the extreme.

It would be hard to find in another city such a collection of luxurious hotels as are in New York. The Waldorf-Astoria and the New Netherlands are two of the handsomest and most luxurious; the former is certainly most beautiful, and is harmonious in all its details. Through the kindness of a friend I was taken all over it, and the ball-rooms, lecture-rooms, reception-room, dining-room, etc., on an upper floor, were thoroughly shown to me. The paintings on ceilings and walls, done by one of the best known painters in the United States, are very beautiful, especially those representing the four seasons and intervening months. The tea-room (palm garden), with all its beautiful appointments, at the witching tea hour is bright and dazzling, and most inviting, with all its daintily served delicacies; but the Astoria, with all its beauty and luxury, has two powerful rivals in Delmonico's and Sherry's, which, in the estimation of some, excel it in taste and beauty of decoration. These two celebrated restaurants are well known, at least by name, to nearly everyone, but for those on "dinner intent" who wish to know of less pretentious restaurants than the last named ones, where a delicious table d'hôte dinner is served at \$1.25 a head, and where one has the pleasure of listening to the soft, sweet strains of the orchestra, no better place can be found than Leon Flourat's Restaurant, corner 5th avenue and 18th street, a quiet and refined place. My good friend dined there, and no one would wish for a better cooked or more daintily served dinner. One of the comparatively new parts of New York, and one not generally known to the flying visitor, is that part known as "Riverside Drive," which is a most beautiful embankment along the Hudson river and consists in a beautifully made driveway, a wide bridle-path for equestrian, and a fine wide cinder-path for the ubiquitous bicyclist. Stone steps lead down from this higher terrace to lower terraces and walks nearly to the water's edge. It is on this Riverside Drive, at 125th street, that General Grant's monument has been erected, and a more beautiful resting-place would be hard to find. At any time the view from this terrace is very fine, but at the hour of sunset, when the sky, flooded with a brilliant crimson light, is reflected on the tranquil surface of the lovely Hudson river, the beauty is greatly enhanced, and when in this quiet, peaceful spot it is difficult to believe how near one really is to the throb and vibration of this great city life.

Startlingly true is it that "in the midst of life we are in death." Only last week in Some Notes on Gotham, I mentioned Father Brown and his church, St. Mary the Virgin; two days ago came the terribly sad news, in a letter from New York, of his sudden demise. With the recollection of his personality so vividly fresh in one's mind, it seems almost impossible to realize that he, who only a few weeks since appeared to be the very embodiment of health—a tower of strength—should have succumbed to an illness of such short duration. He fell a victim to that deadly foe, pneumonia, after a five days' illness, at the age of fifty-eight. Father Brown was a man of magnificent physique, a very king among men in personal appearance, with a proud and dignified mien, a stately and almost majestic bearing, as arrayed in his costly vestments, supported by his acolytes, he performed the ceremonies of the church. It is indeed difficult for any one who knows St. Mary the Virgin to imagine what that church will do without him, or how his place will ever be filled, for in his ritualism he was quite unique and his loss to his congregation will be irreparable. He was greatly beloved by his parishioners, one of whom, a lady, a few years since left him nearly a million of dollars to build the present church, which stands on 46th street, between Broadway and 6th avenue. Even though the ritualism of the church was, doubtless, somewhat perplexing to many visitors some-



Curate (just ordained)—Now I shall have much pleasure in marrying you and your sister, Miss Kate.
Miss Kate—What, both?
[Left explaining.—Punch.]

sionally attending the services, one could not but be impressed with the reverential, devotional attitude of Father Brown's congregation, even down to the smallest of the small children. His death will indeed cast a gloom over them, especially at this Christmas season, when usually the musical services are most beautiful, and his presence will long be missed from amongst them.

Toronto, December, '98.

O Dea Certe.

First and foremost in the list Of what's fashioned to be kist Comes a wee and winsome thing, Whom 'tis fated I should sing; Half of sunbeam, half of air, Quaint and saucy, free and fair, Seen through mist of golden hair. With a lip that nothing is But an everlasting kiss; Hath a score of pretty wiles, And an armory of smiles; Eyes that shoot a thousand glances, Quicker than the sunlit dances; Dewy eyes of radiant mirth, Eyes not wholly used to earth, That espy with fond delight, Vision hid from duller sight; Ask her what that vision be, She will laugh aloud for glee; Loving is she spite herself, Pretty, little, pranking elf! And she loves me, therefore I Sing her praise eternally.
—E. A. Coleridge.

The Empress Josephine.

LADY MARY LLOYD has translated from the French Octave Uzanne's book on The Various Phases of Feminine Taste and Aesthetics from 1797 to 1897, and it is published in America by Charles Scribner's Sons. It is a delightful book for women and beautifully illustrated. The following extracts give an idea of the engaging manner of the book:

"The Directory replaced Woman on the mythological throne of love and beauty. She became the wanton sovereign of a panting, fevered, tossing, restless kingdom, a fair green where appetite and vile passions, petty gains, sordid amours, and every merchandise from which good feeling shrinks, were exposed for sale and barter. The art of living became the art of pleasing. Courtesy was looked on as mere prejudice. Young men addressing

ladies would keep their hats on their heads. If an old man showed greater civility, the youths made game of the fellow. No woman thanked a man for picking up her fan. If he bowed to her she did not return his salutation. She went her way, a joyous, healthy creature, ogling the handsome men, laughing in the faces of the ugly. There was no forbidden fruit in this Pagan paradise. The tactics of the game of love went no farther than to arouse desire and then and there to gratify it. Each person conjugated the verb I desire, thou desirest, we desire, at their own sweet will, and the impersonal form was never pronounced, so strong was the preference for an immediate use of the imperfect or the past.

"The Empress Josephine had been allotted a private income of six hundred thousand francs a year, besides some hundred and thirty thousand francs more for her privy purse and charities. This sum, we might have thought, would have been more than sufficient to cover the expense, both ordinary and extraordinary, of her Majesty's toilette. But so extravagant was Josephine, so generous, so careless, so ruled by foolish whims and fancies, that she was in a chronic condition of debt, and perpetually obliged to appeal to the Emperor's generosity.

"In her private rooms at the Tuilleries, confusion reigned supreme. Her apartments were incessantly besieged by a mob of poor relatives and cousins in the most distant degree, by milliners and dress-makers, jewelers and goldsmiths, fortune-tellers, painters of portraits and miniatures, who came for sittings for the innumerable pictures on canvas and ivory which she bestowed so freely on all her friends, and even on casual tradesmen and on her servant maids. She could not, in her private life, endure the smallest decorum or etiquette, and her indolent nature stretched happy arms in the midst of confused heaps of rich stuffs, tumbled carpets and half-opened packages of varied merchandise. Her private rooms were a sort of temple of dress, easy of access to every foreign merchant and old hag who bartered second-hand brocades and jewels. Bonaparte had forbidden this slatternly, greedy, sordid tribe to show its face in Paris; he had exacted his wife's formal promise never again to admit the Ghetto birds to her presence. Josephine vowed she never would, wept a few tears, but always within a day or two contrived to bring the itinerant vendors back to her boudoir, and to luxuriate once more in the delights of watching dusty wrappings fall, of turning over Eastern silks and Persian embroideries, of fingering bargains in the shape of scarves and jewels, of reveling in the play of brilliant colors, in the delicate textures and all the endless surprises of her improvised bazaar. 'Shawls, jewels, stuffs, gew-gaws of every kind were perpetually brought her,' says Mme. de Remusat, 'and everything she bought, never asking the price, and, for the most part, straightway forgetting what she purchased.'

"The chief attention of the leaders of fashion during the Restoration period seems to have been applied to the arrangement of the hair and to an incessant variety of head-coverings. A good ten thousand different shapes for hats, bonnets and caps appeared between 1815 and 1830. The fashion journals of the day, indeed, ceased all reference to gowns and cloaks, and spent all their eloquence on hairdressing. Leghorn straws, silk-plush bonnets, plumed velvet helmets, hats made of gros de Naples and crepe puffings, on lawn caps and Polish caps, Austrian military caps, muslin turbans and turbans moabites, felt bonnets a la Curika, morning caps of white muslin and morning caps of black velvet edged with tulle. The wealth of choice must surely have made the fair one's head swim before her coiffeur laid a finger on it!

"A woman's dinner during the reign of Romanticism never lasted long. Gastronomy did not appeal to the current feminine taste. The positive side of life had changed its place and become a mere accessory; woman's pleasures were all of the intellect. She longed for a life of

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thought and sighed for enjoyments which should answer to the flights of her refined imagination. Delicate food and rich banquets struck no answering chord in her—the Byronic sentiment of the age had driven all that far from her. The very acme of good breeding was to half starve one's self, and drink naught but the dews from heaven. She pined for the wild excitement and strong emotions of political strife, for the exaggerated sentiments of the savage school of poetry, for the poignant love scenes of the stage and the poignant situations of the most blood-curdling tragedies. This delicious whirl of action and thought, and wild, extravagant dreams enchanted the fashionable lady of 1830. She would never acknowledge herself satisfied with what life could give her until she found herself broken down, disheveled in mind and body, utterly worn out with a succession of the most terrifying experiences.

"Interesting matter touching the men and women of the Second Empire is being collected in many quarters, and we shall not probably have to await the beginning of the twentieth century to be in a position to form a fair judgment of Napoleon III's reign of twenty years and decide for ourselves as to the justice of the philosopher's aphorism:

"The degree of a nation's degradation may be exactly measured by the point of effrontery to which a woman of that nation may venture without rousing scandal."

"In the eyes of the writer of this book (and the assertion is made without any thought of affecting the judgment of posterity) the Imperial Era from 1851 to 1870, stands condemned to the execration of every artist, by reason of its prevailing and almost invariable want of taste in every particular. All intelligence, feeling and delicacy, in decorative matters of every kind, were conspicuous by their absence.

They Shared It.

The Bookman.

An enthusiastic professor had been advocating the advantages of athletic exercise. "The Roman youths," he cried, "used to swim three times across the Tiber before breakfast."

The Scotch student smiled, at which the irate professor exclaimed, "Mr. McAllister, why do you smile? We shall be glad to share your amusement."

The canny Scot replied: "I was just thinking, sir, that the Roman youths must have left their clothes on the wrong bank at the end of their swim."

A Distant Cousin.

At the wedding anniversary of a railway magnate one of the guests, noticing a somewhat lonely-looking and rather shabbily attired man in one corner of the parlor, walked over and sat down near him.

"I was introduced to you," he said, "but I did not catch your name."

"My name," replied the other, "is Swaddleford."

"Oh, then you are a relative of our host!"

"Yes," rejoined the 'poor relation,' with a grin, "I am his cousin, five hundred thousand dollars removed."

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TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND H. SHEPPARD - Editor

SATURDAY NIGHT is a Twelve-page, hand-somely illustrated paper, published weekly, and devoted to its readers.

Sixteen pages are often given to subscribers in a single weekly issue without extra charge.

OFFICE:
SATURDAY NIGHT BUILDING
Adelaide Street West - Toronto
Ontario, Canada.

TELEPHONE { Business Office..... } No. 3709
{ Editorial Rooms..... }

Subscriptions will be received on the following terms:

One Year..... \$2.00
Six Months..... 1.00
Three Months..... .50

Delivered in Toronto, 50c. per annum extra.

Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING COMPANY
LIMITED, PROPRIETORS.

12 TORONTO DEC. 31, 1898. [No. 7]

THE DRAMA

THE Royal Box at the Grand Opera House is attracting good houses this week. This romantic play has been well advertised, and has consequently been well received everywhere in America; but that it draws bigger houses on this, its second visit, than it did on its first appearance here, shows that it has qualities that recommend it above the average play. Charles Coghlan is a good actor and has a neat touch as a playwright, for although none of his pieces may possess greatness, they play well and are interesting in their day. In the Royal Box, Clarence, an actor of the period of 1810 (played by Mr. Coghlan), is the darling of the footlights, and imagines himself in love with the Countess Helen, wife of the Count Felsen, and she leads him to believe that she is in love with him. The "first gentleman of Europe," the then Prince of Wales—who was a sad dog, if one may say so at



this late day without fear of the bastinado—seems to have aroused the actor's jealousy by paying attentions to the Countess. A play is going forward; Clarence struts the stage; the Prince is in the Royal Box; the Countess is near him, when suddenly the actor is carried away by jealousy, and coming down to the footlights denounces the Prince as the betrayer of women and the destroyer of homes. This was particularly shocking, as it was notoriously in keeping with the rumors in regard to his Royal Highness, whose *protege* Clarence had been. But the Prince forgives the actor, marries a charming orphan, and starts off for America.



Clarence.

The play is put on by a well-rounded company, and once again it is proven that a good romantic play suits Toronto people. In this piece, as in many others, the playwright deals the stage some body blows that would be fiercely resented if coming from Clement Scott or from any other critic. As I have frequently said, the stage will always be slandered while actors and playwrights continue to lead in the attack. In this play Clarence talks to a young lady who desires to go upon the stage, and says some things that may have been true in 1810 and may be true to-day. But these sayings are a severe indictment of the stage as it was, or is. This kind of thing, combined with the farce-comedy trick of having actresses drinking wine with and doing skirt-dances for errant husbands who visit New York or Paris, perpetuates all those old prejudices against the stage

and the profession which it is desirable to have lived down.

The Cummings Stock Company have gone through a transition. We have had a troupe of actors and actresses playing serious plays, and melodramas meant to be taken seriously. But fun was not in their repertoire. A few deft changes, and lo! a complete farce-comedy organization, every man a comedian, every woman a comedienne, all the stock laughing stock. Yet the names on the programme have nearly all been there for weeks, the people are many of them those who have been playing right along. There are exceptions, however, and the chief of them is Mr. Wright Huntington. He is the note, so to speak, which demonstrates the change of key. With him in the cast the scale is different, the meaning of the other notes is changed. The relative values are much the same as before, the tones are the same, but the character is different. Mr. Huntington has the comedy touch and the rest of the company immediately adjust themselves to the new scale. The Cummings Company have tried light pieces before this season, but until the last two weeks one always felt they were wasting themselves, that they were out of their element, that they should stick to serious and more or less heavy work. The reason of this was that they were playing in the wrong key. They were trying to play farces with their melodramatic manner. They lacked a leading man who could play comedy. They have since found him. Whether Mr. Huntington can sound other keys besides the comic remains to be seen, but he is certainly very much at home in the latter. The last two plays at the Princess have seemed to me to have been successful, owing not merely to his own acting, but to a subtle influence which he exerts over the other members of the company.

Lend Me Your Wife is a farce on the same lines as Jane. A young man in order to have an increase in the allowance made to him by a rich old uncle, tells the latter gentleman that he has a wife to support. The old gentleman signifies his intention of paying him and his family a visit, so he is forced to borrow his friend's wife and baby for the occasion. This gives room for trouble enough to fill three acts, and laughable situations follow one another till the final curtain. A visit to the Princess this week is well worth while.

Under Sealed Orders is a romantic drama in five acts by James W. Harkins, Jr., a Canadian. Andre Sanson, a notorious though quite fictitious French criminal, steals the Crown Jewels of England in an ill-advised exuberance of professional ambition. Just how he accomplishes this we do not know, but there they are in the third scene of the first act in two dirty little cotton bags. Sanson takes refuge in the house of Alfred Melville, an uncle of Tom Melville, the young lieutenant of the secret service. Alfred, having immediate use for a fortune, hides the burglar at the price of "one bag full," as the black sheep used to be in the habit of saying. The officers all come crowding in, having got a clue that the burglar is here, but as there are four more acts of romantic drama yet to come they fail to get their prey.

We then take a little run to Algeria, where Arabs, tribesmen, gendarmes and scenery are all introduced with fine romantic effect. Then back through the Mediterranean and the Straits of Gibraltar, across the Bay of Biscay and up the channel to the headquarters of the British secret service, London. While we are in London we drop in at Tom Melville's lodgings. Then off again to Algeria, where everything is cleared up to the entire satisfaction of everybody. Indeed, in the general excitement the stolen jewels are forgotten, but, of course, they were a mere detail. The gentleman who happened to have them in his possession last retains them, and welcome. I don't believe they were real jewels anyway.

NEW YORK.—To the Editor of the New York Times.—The clergy of New York and vicinity having been invited to see The Christian, in recognition of their professional interest in the subject, would it not be quite in order for some one representing the management of the Empire Theatre to invite the New York bar to attend a performance of The Liars?—G. H. S.

The attraction announced by the management of the Toronto Opera House as a special New Year's offering is one of considerable interest, inasmuch as it is a full and complete Lyceum Theater production given for the first time in Canada at popular prices. The play chosen is Mr. E. H. Sothern's remarkable drama, An Enemy to the King. There are few people who have not heard about this great play, which deals with the stirring times of the Huguenots in France. The theme presented an ample field, and the dramatist, R. N. Stephens, took full advantage of the stirring situations and the beauties of the stage and contemporaneous surroundings. The company which will present this play in Toronto is headed by Mr. John Griffith, the celebrated actor, who is well known and made hosts of friends here on his previous visits. His support is headed by Miss Kathryn Prunell, an actress of exceptional ability and beauty, and is reported to be of great strength. The entire company received their final drilling in their parts

from Mr. Sothern himself, and it is announced that all of the stage effects, both scenic and electric, will be given here as they were at the Lyceum Theater, New York. This in itself should prove a great attraction, to say nothing of the popularity of the piece or the strength of the company. The advance sale, which has been open, is already very large and the indications are that Mr. Griffith will do a very big week.

At the Grand Opera House all next week the well known romantic actor, Mr. Robert B. Mantell, will be the attraction. Mr. Mantell will present the following plays during his engagement in Toronto: Monday and Saturday matinees and Wednesday night, A Secret Warrant; Monday and Thursday evenings, The Face in the Moonlight; Tuesday night, Monbars; Friday night, Hamlet, and Saturday night, Othello. The work of Miss Corona Ricardo, the leading lady, has been highly praised. A Secret Warrant is by A. W. Tremayne of Montreal and is regarded as one of the best romantic plays on the stage to-day. Monbars has been played by Mr. Mantell over three thousand times and is retained in his repertoire because of its great popularity. The Face in the Moonlight is a powerful melodrama of the First Empire period, similar in story and structure to Henry Irving's Courier of Lyons. It gives the star a dual role in which an estimable gentleman is, by great resemblance, mistaken for the perpetrator of a brutal murder.

Roland Reed recently told a story of a young man in St. Louis who always made a point to get acquainted with the male stars who came to town. He was a nice, agreeable sort of a chap, but he was always willing to let someone else do all the "buying." "We called him 'Generosity,'" continued Mr. Reed. "Last time I was in St. Louis, I missed his usual call, and asked the local manager what had become of Generosity. 'Why, haven't you heard?' he answered; 'Generosity is dead. Wouldn't you like to visit his grave?' I said I'd be glad to, and to the cemetery we went. We found the grave, a nice, green plot, on which there reared a marble slab about five feet in height. I was particularly struck by the appropriateness of the inscription on this stone. These were the words: 'This Is On Me.'"

The Meddler, by Augustus Thomas, one of the real comedy hits of the present New York season, will be in Toronto shortly at the Grand Opera House. The company includes: Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Robson, Miss Marie Burroughs (last seen here in The Profligate and previously as leading support to Mr. E. S. Willard), Frank C. Bangs, Harold Russell (The Prince of Wales in last season's production of Mr. Charles Coghlan's The Royal Box), Theodore Babcock (who starred in the Montreal production of Jack Harkaway), George Pauncefort, Maude Granger and Gertrude Perry. The piece is described as having "a laugh in every line, and the lines are close together."

By the Sad Sea Waves was the title of the song that made famous Vesta Tilley, the London music hall singer. Messrs. Dunne and Ryley have selected the title for a new idea in musical farce-comedy, termed a "rag-time opera," in which to exploit the talents of the real funny boys, Matthews and Bulger, and a supporting company of thirty-five people. The new piece will soon be played in Toronto at the Grand Opera House. The staging and costuming are said to be on an elaborate scale.

The senior Alexandre Dumas is now the most popular playwright in England. Beerbohm Tree, after The Three Musketeers, is to revive Monte Cristo, and now E. S. Willard has been in Paris to consult with Coquelin over La Dame de Monsoreau, in which the French actor will soon play. Willard will give it first in London, and the English version will be made by Louis N. Parker.

The eccentric Mr. Whistler has withdrawn from a London publisher his forthcoming work, The Baronet and the Butterfly, which will be issued under his personal supervision in Paris. In a characteristic letter to the London publisher he says: "Napoleon and I do these things, and France shall have The Baronet first."

Conan Doyle gave a ball at Hindhead,

Kipling and the Lion.

SAID Kipling unto England, "I must make a man of you That will stand upon his feet and play the game; That will out-rob his opponent as a Saxon ought to do, And will blast the brutish Bruin like a flame." It was not by mighty, mouthy, mad oration, That he taught to England Bruin's cunning aim, Nor by biting, stinging stricture; but by cryptic crimson picture In a little lilting poem for a frame.

Said Kipling unto England, "Though at present singing small, You shall hum a proper tune, or I'll know why; So he introduced big Bruin to the Lion, once for all, And he told a tale which was not all a lie. The Lion stretched—and showed his mighty talons! The Lion yawned—those teeth none dare defy! So Bruin, helter-skelter, made a cumbrous plunge for shelter, While Leo softly winked a lazy eye.

Said Kipling to the Nations, "You've had miracles before, When Boney to his marrow-bones was brought; But if you want another we will show you something more, For Britain'd learned the lesson he had taught. She didn't scream, or roar, or rage, or riot, But she massed her black sea-scorpions, full-fraught; And she throbbed with throttled thunder, while the nations gazed in wonder At the miracle a little ode had wrought.

Said England unto Kipling, "Though I'm not so very large, I am still the mighty sire of such as you; My heroes are my arrows and the ocean is my target, And I fear naught crafty Adam-Zad may do. Although we surely know the beggar's playing low, Yet WE have to play that Bruin's word is true; But, be it war or peace, still from Tallen-Wan to Greece Our galleons' stem shall burst the bloomin' blue!"

Said the Nations to the Nations, "Lo, this mighty Beast of Babel Slumbers, rotting in its thousand-tongued pride! Come, let us join as brothers, that the Beast we may disable, That, each to each, the spoil we may divide." The Lion waked and roared. The awful echoes Rolled pealing grandly round and round the sphere, As his Western Mate gave tongue, and the yelps of angered young Found the palsied nations impotent with fear—

As the Lion's countless young and his mighty Mate gave tongue, And the Nations quaked and quivered in their fear.
Ottawa, Dec., '98. E. T. B. GILLMORE.

England, on Christmas Eve, which was probably unique. All the characters wore costumes representing characters in Dr. Doyle's books, and most of the foremost writers, musicians and artists of London and Edinburgh were invited.

James A. Herne's new play is a dramatization of a novel of Virginia life called An Unofficial Patriot. The hero is a clergyman who attempts a perilous excursion through Virginia in war time and is arrested by his own son, who is in command of Southern troops.

Eleonora Duse, after a long period of rest, commenced her season a few weeks ago in Egypt. She is to play at Alexandria, Cairo and Athens. In April and May she will act with Ermete Zacconi throughout Italy, and later go to Paris.

The Telephone Girl has been one of the pronounced successes of the season on the other side. It is a musical comedy of an original character, the novelties introduced being very numerous. It is booked for an early presentation in Toronto.

George Alexander announces A Repentance, another play by John Oliver Hobbes, for production at the St. James before long. It is a tragedy.

Richard Harding Davis is making a dramatization of The King's Jackal.

Lying a Disease.

THE latest theory about the pernicious habit of saying things that are not so is that it is a disease. If you are a born liar you cannot be cured, and it is no use trying to do it, but there is hope for mild cases. Dr. Thomas P. Welch, an English student of brain disorders, would treat the man who lies much as he would an insane patient:

"We often hear of people who suddenly develop a propensity for lying that is startling," he said. "A peculiar feature is that the individual has nothing to accomplish and absolutely no excuse for disregarding the truth. That man should consult a physician. He should be treated carefully. The base of his trouble is the nerves. Rest and tonic, with good nursing, would restore them, and gradually the brain would become healthy and the affliction disappear."

The Fond Parent's Nightmare.



(The evil day of brass trumpets and plum-pudding had been put off until Monday at his house.)
"Come sir, tell me quickly, how do you account for the fact that Bobby Jones's stocking was found filled on Sunday morning, and Santa Claus didn't get around to our house until the following night?"

"Criminal traits in parents are known to descend to children. So with lying. In a girl this may be overcome by the wise counsels of the mother, but I believe a boy who is so afflicted will, in a great majority of cases, be much what his father is." "Of all the liars," says Dr. F. B. Saylor, "the morphine fiend is entitled to first place. It seems the first effect of the drug is to destroy all sense of truth. A fiend of the morphine variety is absolutely untruthful. The drug kills every bit of veracity that the subject ever had. The most trivial things are made the basis for the most marvelous yarns ever heard. It is not a yearning for the drug; it is the working of a diseased mind."

The Crimes of the Tongue.

Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

THE second most deadly instrument of destruction is the dynamite gun—the first is the human tongue. The gun merely kills bodies; the tongue kills reputations and, oftentimes, ruins characters. Each gun works alone; each loaded tongue has a hundred accomplices. The havoc of the gun is visible at once. The full evil of the tongue lives through all the years; even the eye of Omnipotence might grow tired in tracing it to its flight.

The crimes of the tongue are words of unkindness, of anger, of malice, of envy, of bitterness, of harsh criticism, gossip, lying and scandal. Theft and murder are awful crimes, yet in any single year the aggregate sorrow, pain and suffering they cause in a nation is microscopic when compared with the sorrows that come from the crimes of the tongue. Place in one of the scale-pans of Justice the evils resulting from the acts of criminals and in the other the grief and tears and suffering resulting from the crimes of respectability, and you will start back in amazement as you see the scale you thought the heavier shoot high in air.

At the hands of thief or murderer few of us in life suffer, even indirectly. But from the careless tongue of friend, the cruel tongue of enemy, who is free? No human being can live a life so true, so fair, so pure as to be beyond the reach of malice, or immune from the poisonous emanations of envy. The insidious attacks against one's reputation, the loathsome innuendoes, slurs, half-lies by which jealous mediocrity seeks to ruin its superiors, are like those insect parasites that kill the heart and life of a mighty oak. So cowardly is the method, so stealthy the shooting of the poisoned thorns, so insignificant the separate acts in their seeming, that one is not on guard against them. It is easier to dodge an elephant than a microbe.

In London they have just formed an Anti-Scandal League. The members promise to combat in every way in their power "the prevalent custom of talking scandal, the terrible and unending consequences of which are not generally estimated."

Scandal is one of the crimes of the tongue, but it is only one. Every individual who breathes a word of scandal is an active stockholder in a society for the spread of moral contagion. He is instantly punished by Nature by having his mental eyes dimmed to sweetness and purity, and his mind deadened to the sunlight and glow of charity. There is developed a wondrous, ingenious perversion of mental vision by which every act of others is explained and interpreted from the lowest possible motives. They become like certain carrion flies, that pass lightly over acres of rose-gardens, to feast on a piece of putrid meat. They have developed a keen scent for the foul matter upon which they feed.

There are pillows wet by sobs; there are noble hearts broken in the silence whence comes no cry of protest; there are gentle, sensitive natures scared and warped; there are old time friends separated and walking their lonely ways with hope dead and memory but a pang; there are cruel misunderstandings that make all life look dark—these are but a few of the sorrows that come from the crimes of the tongue.



THE BEAUTY.

SOME score of years ago the appellation Professional Beauty vulgarized English society. It was about this time that the loveliness of Mrs. Langtry roused even the august pulses of the heir to the Throne of Great Britain to beat a somewhat recklessly gallant measure. The Professional Beauty was as short-lived as she was objectionable. The variety stage parodied her and her ways and she became impossible. A woman may be a Beauty these days and yet keep her portrait out of the shop windows, even though she fall into the snare of *Munsey's* or the *Puritan*, but to be a Beauty she must relinquish much that makes life pleasant. The Beauty feels her position; sometimes she rejoices and oftener she mourns. She must give up all hope of a choice of companions; other Beauties will not be of her company, and she may not have the men friends she likes about her, by reason of the thronging of the silly set, the men who will exploit her, because she is a Beauty. She will be asked to sit on the box seat when the coach is out; she will have to occupy the center of the loge at the theater; society papers will rave over her gowns in a fervor of description which is almost immodest; whispers will smite her ears as she enters a drawing-room or passes in and out of church. And the staters will batten on her everywhere! She is not the happy creature who has merely a magnificent figure, or a fine pair of eyes, or a wealth of shining hair, or a marvelous complexion; she has them all in pitiless abundance, and while one-half the world who know her are telling the other half who don't that she paints, pads, wears false hair and has a savage temper, she is living under a microscopic criticism, sharpened by envy and jealousy, embittered by the coldness of married women whose lords cannot help having eyes in their heads, and stung by the innuendoes of girls who feel themselves set aside by every false and fickle male who looks and longs as she goes by. There is no living creature who is bathed in venom after the sad fashion of the Beauty.

Everyone interests themselves in her affairs. If she be single, she is engaged to at least a dozen men during the season; if she be married, verily the scent is keener and the trail more eagerly followed. It is so easy to say things, and a shrug over the name of the husband may mean a volume; a half-hour's quiet chat with a nice man is reported at the clubs before noon next day; a new jewel is gossiped about; a man who has been perforce snubbed by the patient Beauty for vicious gallantries prowls in and out, chagrined and venomous, whispering a word which grows and becomes a history! The unmarried Beauty is soon spurned; if she does not marry in her first or second season, she is (not unaccountably) *passée*. One has seen and heard so much of her that it seems those two years are ten! Sometimes she never marries, and one meets her in after years when her eyes have a network of wrinkles around them, and a bone has become evident in front of each ear, and one says reminiscently, "She was a Beauty; she has traces of it yet. That was fifteen years ago."

There is a popular feeling that a Beauty should marry well, but she seldom does so. The strapping young fellow who is her fitting mate goes cold at the sight of her lace and sickens at the swish of her silken skirts, and she knows it, and asks her mother to tell him she is to marry old Mr. Q, or addle-pated young Z, for she cannot quite undertake to ensure her voice its tone, or her cheek its color, while she tells him herself. Sometimes rich *roue* or golden goose does not come her way; she always wears the laces and the silken skirts in hope, and sends the strapping youth white-faced away, and she races from winter ballroom to summer hotel piazza, and watches and waits, and perhaps accepts someone with quite a modest rent roll, when her youth is over.

Very few of the Beauties keep a natural and unconscious manner after a few months of celebrity. They harden, and a certain self-weariness, even self-scorn, grows into their expression. The Married Beauty never retains her place if she falls into habits of maternity. One cannot sit on the box-seat and occupy the center of a theater loge under such conditions; consequently the family of the Married Beauty may always be counted on the first finger, if it be existent to be counted at all. Sometimes there have been beautiful paintings of the Married Beauty, in full ball or dinner toilette, sitting beside the cradle of her infant treasure, or with the infant treasure's arms clasped tightly about her neck. These are fancy pictures. It never happens that the Beauty has time before the dinner to pensively muse over her sleeping treasure, and no treasure is awake at the hour a Beauty goes to a ball, and moreover, fancy the ball-gown which had been mauled by a baby! It is culpable to misrepresent things in such a manner. In her thorny path, for even such roses as strew it seem more than half thorns, the Beauty meets all the weaker attributes of men, and all the wickedest meannesses of women. The world has no sense of her rights. Nature has done enough for her, so let man and civilization even things up. She is a Beauty, therein lies her crime, and for that she must be punished.

She appeals to the most pitiless part of man and woman; she has no shield, as she walks her careful way, against the sword of desire or the barbed dart of envy. Even in her heyday there is a subtle pathos and a fearsome risk combined. If the heart of the Married Beauty's husband doth safely trust in her, she is at least spared the pang of querulous or causeless upbraidings. If she loves him, she has a little haven into which she can creep and be like a saint in a shrine. Then she is the Beauty of all Beauties and men bow before her. But she, like the crowned head, has many uneasy hours, is she not exceptionally blessed; she is apt to be sick of praise, to gird at flattery, and to be tempted to wish that some other woman had been born at the particular moment which caught the Graces in such a prodigal mood. Ko-Ko.

A Caged Genius.

BY MACK.

PROF. MANSARD was indignant and in a state of mind that required of him something desperate. No ordinary demonstration on his part would suffice, for he was doubly vexed, in the first place because he was altogether baffled in a scientific enquiry, and in the second place because he was tyrannized over by his two servants and bullied as no man of spirit could possibly put up with. Jane, his housekeeper, had just pounced upon him in the most unwarranted manner a few moments before while he had been standing in the garden measuring the depth and calculating the weight of a pile of snow on the east side of his house—she had seized him by the arm and, like a veritable fury, had dragged him inside and up the stairs, had deposited him in the big rocking chair where he now sat, and, barging all the time, had changed his socks and slippers, and had dared him to stir an inch out of that until she was sure he had got the chill out of his bones. It was one of the most humiliating defeats he had ever suffered at the hands of Jane; and all the more so that she had sprung upon him at a moment when he was engaged in a minute calculation and was totally oblivious to her very existence.

Nor was that the worst, though enough. Jane now patrolled the hall outside and retreat to his laboratory in the attic was cut off. How long the desperate and relentless woman would keep him here by the fire getting an alleged chill out of his bones—just as if they were her bones and not his—there was no telling. Nor did her tongue cease to clatter as she swept, swept, swept the carpet in the hall—on which she had strewn tea-leaves, that, on being herded at great pains into a heap and finally upon a dust-pan, were as clean as when they lay out in a pan drying in the sun and wind for this important use. During this process she barged at the Professor, and having placed the dust-pan in an angle of the wall—not to leave her post—so that it was heaped up with dust and grime to contaminate a dozen houses, she went on again with her sweeping, with every now and then a hostile approach to the closed door behind which sat the rebellious Professor warming his bones.

"My word!" she cried, in her high, shaky voice, "a man of your years! Not a thing on your feet but those thin socks and your old slippers. And, oh, no, nothing would do you but right in the middle of the snow bank—up to your very knees. My word!"

The Professor turned angrily in his chair.

"What do you say?" she demanded menacingly, pausing with her face pressed against the door.

"I did not speak, Jane," he replied mildly.

"You did not speak, Jane," she echoed.

"You did not speak, Jane! I should think not, indeed—I should hope not. At your age! It'll be a mercy if you haven't got your death by it, and it's a pity if I can't lose sight of you for a minute but you must go out in your bare feet into the largest snow-bank you could find. Wait till we hear what Thomas has to say about this fine business. Just you wait."

This seemed to be a home thrust, for the Professor's face certainly took on a look of grief and he turned appealingly to the closed door, beyond which bristled his accuser.

"Jane," he said, "I couldn't have been out there for more than a couple of moments. Really I couldn't. I had merely succeeded in measuring the depth of the snow, and had but begun, had scarcely started, in fact—"

"Don't tell me! Not a word! Didn't I wring out your socks, sir?"

"But, Jane!"

"Don't Jane me, and try to wheedle around me."

"Jane," pleadingly.

"Well, sir?"

"My word! Don't tell Thomas. Indeed I shall tell Thomas, and here he is this very minute."

A man was kicking his boots against the rear door-posts, as the Professor could plainly hear. With a quick manoeuvre Thomas entered and scraped his feet for long on a rough mat with a character and a vigilance like that of its mistress, and the sounds reached the guilty master of the house where he sat in duress. Each scrape increased his apprehensions. The relentless Jane called to Thomas, and after whisking himself carefully, up he came. Older even than the Professor, bent and gray, but still as carefully smooth-shaven as any butler, Thomas entered with the housekeeper, who told over the Professor's guilty deed and subsequent insubordination. Thomas said never a word but looked incredulous. The Professor bowed in his chair. The relentless Jane was not touched by pity, and producing one of the damp socks held it forth for Thomas to feel. The taking of it into his hand was a ceremony and the feeling of it the solemn function of a judge, while both Jane and the Professor turned eyes upon him expectant of his verdict. Thomas screwed up his mouth and then slowly shook his head as if to say that his worst fears were realized. The Professor drooped hopelessly, and Thomas sat down in another chair, gazing moodily into the fire, and now and then shaking his old gray head. Jane quietly withdrew, leaving the Professor to this condign punishment of Thomas's protracted, silent and crushing disapprobation.

It was nearly dusk, and these two old men sat, without exchanging a word, in the flickering light of the fire, until night had well settled down. The Professor would no sooner begin wandering off on some scientific train of thought than his eye would fall on the silent and terrible outline of Thomas in the half-light, whereupon he would come back with a start to thoughts of his present disgrace.

At last footsteps came to the door, and then a low knock. Without moving Thomas said, "Here," and the footsteps

receded. Ten minutes later Jane entered with a light, retired, and returned with a tray bearing toast and tea for two.

Then she said, "Good night, sir; good night, Thomas," and retired to the fastnesses of her bower. Her tone was full of long suffering. It spoke a great sorrow for the downfall of Professor Mansard.

(To be continued.)

A Gastronomical Courtship.

LADY SHERRIES was an excellent hostess. I only arrived in time for dinner; the grouse drive was to be on the morrow. I was sent in to dinner with Mrs. Brace, a smart little widow who has excellent diamonds and enjoys an artistic meal. I like Mrs. Brace. As a matter of fact, I had called on her rather frequently during the season. She glanced down the menu with the practiced glance that a member of the Jockey Club bestows on a race-card.

"If the *salmi* was not so near the *volaille*, the meal would be well composed," was her comment.

"You are consummate," I murmured. After three spoonfuls of soup I added, "Your *bisque* was unmatched all the season."

"I am glad you appreciated it."

Our host held everyone in silent boredom with an interminable narrative of the "grouse in the gun-room" order.

"Long stories are a mistake," said Mrs. Brace, "unless they malign our acquaintances."

"A tinge of naughtiness with a suspicion of sarcasm agreeably tempers the acerbated waters of conversation."

"Now, Major Morris opposite," I continued, "always talks with the heaviness of beer."

"Which you never drink?"

"I cannot digest it," reverting to fact.

"Or Major Morris?"

"Certainly not. A man who goes to tea with a lady and entertains her with the entire menu of his previous dinner is intolerable."

"You would never—"

"Even to you, Mrs. Brace, I should only mention the *entrees* and perhaps a sweet. I could not lose the opportunity. Everybody was safely engrossed in conversation. I had a glass of Perrier Jouet 1884 and continued:

"Even to you, Mrs. Brace, because you always seem to understand. Don't you think we might join forces?"

The widow played with her *cotelette à l'asperge*.

"We have ample means, Mrs. Brace, the same set in town, and—deep sympathy in food."

"Unfortunately there is a slight obstacle—"

"I will leave the *menu* to your absolute discretion," I hastened to interject.

"A discretion I am unworthy to claim, for I revel in the heaviness of beer."

"Impossible. Your rum omelettes contradict your words."

"I mean I have just accepted Major Morris."

There is nothing more indigestible than wedding-cake, except disappointment.—*H. G. in St. James's Budget.*

Freaks of the Memory.

THE queer freaks of memory are a constant puzzle to those who study psychological phenomena. Who has not been driven to the verge of distraction by the total inability to recall a name when an effort was made to do so and when the occasion for such remembrance was past had the missing name flash into the mind apparently of its own volition? The year 1898 is nearing its close, but how many of us can recall readily the chief incidents of the last ten months, and say accurately in what month they occurred? Try it and see.

Great minds have wrestled to find an explanation for the pranks that memory plays and have had to give up the effort. In the course of a systematic attempt to arrive at some understanding with regard to the wonders of memory, a very valuable and unique body of testimony has been obtained, says the *Washington Post*. The following questions have been put to two hundred American university stu-

dents and professional persons, one hundred and fifty-one being men and forty-nine being women. The answers are here given with the questions:

Question 1.—When you cannot recall a name you want does it seem to come back spontaneously without being suggested by any perceived association of ideas? To this 11 per cent. answered "No" and 81 per cent. "Yes."

Q. 2.—Does such recovery ever come during sleep? To this 17 per cent. answered "No" and 28 per cent. "Yes."

Some examples given:

I.—This morning I tried to recall the name of a character I had read of the night before in one of Scott's novels, and failed. I taught a class, and walking home in the afternoon all the names recurred to me without effort.

II.—I tried to recall the name of a book. Gave it up. Half an hour later, while talking of something else, blurted it out without conscious volition.

Q. 3.—On seeing a sight or hearing a sound for the first time, have you ever felt that you had seen (or heard) the same before? Fifty-nine per cent. answered "Yes."

The action of unconscious memory during sleep is illustrated by further queries:

Q. 4.—Do you dream? Ninety-four per cent. answered "Yes."

Q. 5.—Can you wake at a given hour determined before going to sleep, without waking up many times before? Fifty-nine per cent. answered "Yes." Thirty-one per cent. answered "No."

Q. 6.—If you can, how about failure? Sixty-nine per cent. seldom failed; 25 per cent. often.

Q. 7.—Do you come direct from oblivion into consciousness? Sixty-four per cent. answered "Yes," and 16 per cent. "Gradually."

Examples:

I.—I had to give medicine every two hours exactly to my wife. I am a very sound sleeper, but for six weeks I woke up every two hours and never missed giving the medicine.

II.—I am always awake five minutes before the hour I set the alarm.

III.—I had had little sleep for ten days and went to bed at nine, asking to be called at midnight. I fell asleep at once. I rose and dressed as the clock struck twelve, and could not believe I had not been called.

A strange phenomenon has come to light in the course of the enquiry into the mystery of memory. It has been discovered that by gazing steadily at a crystal consciousness is partly lost. Into the void thus produced those who have practiced crystal gazing find that there enter, unbidden, forgotten incidents and lost memories. To give a few instances:

A lady in crystal gazing saw a bit of dark wall covered with white flowers. She was conscious she must have seen it somewhere, but had no recollection where. She walked over the ground she had just traversed and found the wall, which she had passed unnoticed.

She took out her bankbook another day. Shortly afterward she was gazing at the crystal and saw nothing but the number one. She thought it was some hack number, but, taking up the bankbook, found to her surprise it was the number of the account.

At another time she destroyed a letter without noting the address; she could only remember the town. After gazing at the crystal some time she saw "321 Jefferson avenue." She addressed the letter there, adding the town, and found it was right.

A lady sat in a room to write where she had sat eight years before. She felt her feet moving restlessly under the table and then remembered that eight years before she always had a footstool. It was this her feet were seeking.

Psychical research brings to light many cases of similar strange tricks of memory. It is easy to find instances that serve to deepen the mystery. It is not so easy to give an explanation. The cleverest men who have attempted to do so have had to admit defeat.

Biggs—Is it true that Smith, the ice-man, is dead? Boggs—Yes, poor fellow. He cuts no ice now.—*Life.*

"The Last Touch."

ONE day when Gilbert Stuart, the artist who painted the best head and the best full-length portrait of Washington, was living in Germantown, a suburb of Philadelphia, he received a call from a little, pert man, who addressed him thus:

"You are Mr. Stuart, sir, the great painter."

"My name is Stuart, sir."

"My name is Winstanley, sir; you have heard of me."

"Not that I recollect, sir."

"No!" remarked the young man, not at all abashed by his cool reception. "Well, Mr. Stuart, I have been copying your full-length of Washington. I have made a number of copies. I have now six that I brought on to Philadelphia. I have a room in the statehouse, and I have put them up; but before I show them to the public, and offer them for sale, I have a proposal to make to you."

"Go on, sir."

"It would enhance their value, you know, if I could say that you had given them the last touch. Now, sir, all you have to do is to ride to town, and give each of them a tap, you know, with your riding-switch—just thus, you know."

Stuart shut his snuff-box, whence he had been feeding his capacious nostrils, and placed it on the table—an ominous sign. Winstanley, unheeding it, proceeded:

"We will share the amount of the sale."

"Did you ever hear that I was a swindler?" said the painter, rising to his full height.

"Sir! You mistake. You know—"

"You will walk downstairs, sir, quickly, or I shall throw you out of the window."

The swindler preferred the stairs.

Stuart told this story to William Dunlap—who repeats it in his *History of the Arts of Design in the United States*—and added, one of these pirated copies was the cause of his being employed to paint the full-length portrait of Washington which hangs in Faneuil Hall. Said the painter:

"One of these full-length Washingtons, which only wanted the touch of my riding whip, was brought to Boston by the manufacturer, who left it with a merchant of that city as security for a loan of five hundred dollars, and then departed to parts unknown."

"After a time the picture was offered for sale as Stuart's Washington, and then the merchant discovered that he had been swindled. As he could not sell it in Boston, he sent it by one of his ships to foreign parts, but it returned unsold. Then he presented it to the town, and it was hung in Faneuil Hall."

"At a town meeting, held in the hall, Federalists and Democrats were arrayed in bitter hostility. The merchant who had presented the portrait was a strong Federalist, and one of the Democratic speakers told the story of the picture, exposed its worthlessness, and ridiculed the mock generosity of the merchant, who was anxious to show his patriotism and to get an unsalable picture off his hands."

"The merchant was pointed at in the streets; and even the boys showed by their bad manners, when they met him, that they knew the history of the picture. His friends suggested a line of defence: He had been deceived; he thought it a real Simon-pure. There was no crime in not being a judge of paintings; but to show that he really meant to be generous when he donated the picture to the city, he must apply to Stuart (the artist had removed to Boston) to paint a Washington for Faneuil Hall. This was a bitter pill for the merchant."

"How much would it cost?"

"Six hundred dollars, perhaps."

"Five and six are eleven—eleven hundred dollars!"

"But something must be done, and quickly."

The merchant consented. His friends called on Stuart, and for their proposal he said, "Certainly, gentlemen."

"Will you do it immediately?"

"Immediately."

"And the price?"

"Six hundred dollars."

In a few weeks the picture was hung in Faneuil Hall. "The merchant," added Stuart, "paid me in uncurrent bills, which I had to send to a broker to be exchanged, I paying the discount."

"This we give as a Stuart story," says the historian. "All we vouch for is, that he told it without reserve."

Odd Place Names in Canada.

MYTHS AND LEGENDS BEYOND OUR BORDERS is the title of a book by C. M. Skinner, just published in the United States, and in it are many legends about places in Canada, purporting to explain the origin of names. Montreal, he says, is the Royal Mountain; Smoky Cape, or Cap Enfumé, an allusion because of the mists that toss about it; Quebec is "Quel bec!" ("what a cape!"), that being the exclamation of its discoverers (unless it is true that there is an Indian word, Quebec, meaning narrow river), while at Ha-ha Bay the Frenchmen laughed with joy at sight of the green expanse after their voyage up the Saguenay. Lachine, or La Chine, means China, because the St. Lawrence was first thought to be a north-west passage to that land. Blow-me-down is Blomidon; but who would suppose that Acadie was the Micmac word, Quoddy? In fact, some believe that the name was borrowed from the other side of the sea, to denote the discovery of a New World Arcadia.

Because Cartier happened to reach it in a time of sultry weather, we have the Baie des Chaleurs. There is little doubt that Stanstead, province of Quebec, is named after one of the three Stansteads in England, yet it is alleged that the surveyors who laid off the township were a drunken lot, and were often heard calling to their chainmen and even to their theodolites, to "stan'stead" (stand steady), when it was their own legs that were out of plumb. And, apropos of thirst, More-



Rum Brook, in Yarmouth county, Nova Scotia, has been a name of dread to Prohibitionists, and is likely to be changed to Smith's "Crick" as soon as they can acquire sufficient influence, as in its present form it is wicked.

Moose Jaw is only a contraction of "Place where the white man mended his cart wheel with the jawbone of a moose," which was thought to be too numerous a name for busy people. Calling River commemorates an echo, and Pipestone River refers to the material from which the red men make their ceremonial pipes.

Dr. James Hector, exploring the Canadian Rockies in 1897, was kicked by his horse in the shadow of Mount Stephen. Hence we have Kicking Horse Pass. The name Wapta, applied to the stream that flows through it, means only river. Wait-a-Bit Creek was so called by the first explorers, who were constantly fettered up with a short turn by a briar that grows thickly along its shores. When caught by the thorns, the victims called to their companions to "Wait a bit." The Arctic-looking Hermit Mountain on the north side of Roger's Pass takes its name from a shape of stone far up under the sky. It looks like a cowed hermit talking to a dog. Close by is Cheops, recalling the Egyptian pyramid by its form as well as its name. Mount Grizzly explains itself, and Asulkan means wild goat.

Mysteries of Old Masters.

Courrier des Etats Unis.

IN a vaudeville that used to be played at the Palais Royal an upstart is made to say: "Come see my gallery. I have got sixteen old masters from the sale, or sixteen old rails from the sell—I don't know which."

Many of our experts might say the same thing, because the imitation of old pictures is becoming a regular and flourishing business, with its workshops, its artists and its markets. The other day in one of the suburbs of Brussels a factory was discovered for turning out the works of old masters, and the specimens brought to light were well calculated to puzzle the most skillful experts. As a matter of fact, during the past forty years Belgium has put upon the market hundreds of Hobbemas, Teniers, Metzus, Ruysdaels, and especially Van Goyens, which they have made quite fashionable.

It is easy for sceptics to say that, in spite of their skill, the forgers can never deceive men of experience; that they always make feeble copies or wretched imitations; that the dash, the life and the evidence of the free hand in execution, which are clearly presented in the genuine works of the masters, are always absent in the copies. But, unfortunately, this is not the case. There are forgers in art whose skill is no less astounding than deplorable. To prove this a single example suffices:

All those who occupy themselves a little with the fine arts know, at least by reputation, the two famous portraits of Leo X., one in the Tribune room of the Uffizi gallery in Florence and the other in the Museum of Naples. Nobody has ever been able to tell which is the original.

We are compelled to acknowledge the wonderful skill of these forgers who successfully seize, if not the details, at least the ensemble of a work. Then, as for the details, they have recourse to another method. There are moments when literary men, to avoid the trouble of consulting a dictionary, put a mark upon a word the orthography of which they are not

quite sure, and leave to the proofreader the care of hunting it up. Well, the reproducers of old masters replace the ink mark by a "vegetation" which is obtained by rubbing with a wet rag the portion of the picture which is to be covered, for cause. The water left upon the spot soon produces a mouldiness and an infinite number of little spots. The whole forms a stain which, in the slang of the forgers, is called a *chance*.

The methods of these swindlers are innumerable. For example, to destroy the proof that the canvas is newly painted, they simply bake it. In this way they obtain a rough and scaly surface. When the scales do not appear in sufficient quantity the point of a pin is used to produce the desired additional number. A judicious employment of wet ashes and lampblack in varying doses suffices to give to the color those beautiful sombre and yellowish tones that time spreads upon the works of past centuries. Spanish lacquer is also used to give modern canvases the appearance of old age. A decoction of wine must be sometimes poured upon the painting. It is spread with the palm of the hand and rubbed until it becomes dry. That is the method of giving to the canvas what is called the warm and golden tone.

Some time ago the experts discovered a very simple method of detecting the fraud. The copies, having neither the enamel nor the hardness of the old paintings, were unable to resist the attacks of alcohol, which made their colors fade rapidly. But in this eternal duel between the expert and the forger, the latter has the riposte always prompt. To make his copies proof against the attacks of alcohol, he covered them with a light coat of liquid glue. Over this the alcohol passed, just as it might pass over a pane of glass.

It is noteworthy that these forgeries are well known to the amateurs who are still bold enough to purchase old paintings. The mania of the collector holds out against all disappointments and mishaps.

Queen Wilhelmina's Future Husband.

QUEEN WILHELMINA having chosen the prince whom she wishes to marry, is now forced to consider a series of questions of rank and precedence which were most vexatious to Queen Victoria nearly sixty years ago, when she had a young husband, says *Youth's Companion*. The favored suitor, Prince William of Wied, to be known as a king or as a prince consort? What is to be his rank when he and the young queen are entertaining royal guests at their own court or are visiting the palaces of foreign capitals?

Queen Victoria, when she was on the eve of marriage, wished Parliament to confer upon Prince Albert the title of king consort because she preferred to have him equal in rank to herself. If this had been done she would have been spared much irritation and annoyance.

Parliament neither settled his title nor his rank, and contented itself with fixing his income at about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars and making him a naturalized citizen of the United Kingdom. The Queen was left to settle questions of title and etiquette in her own way.

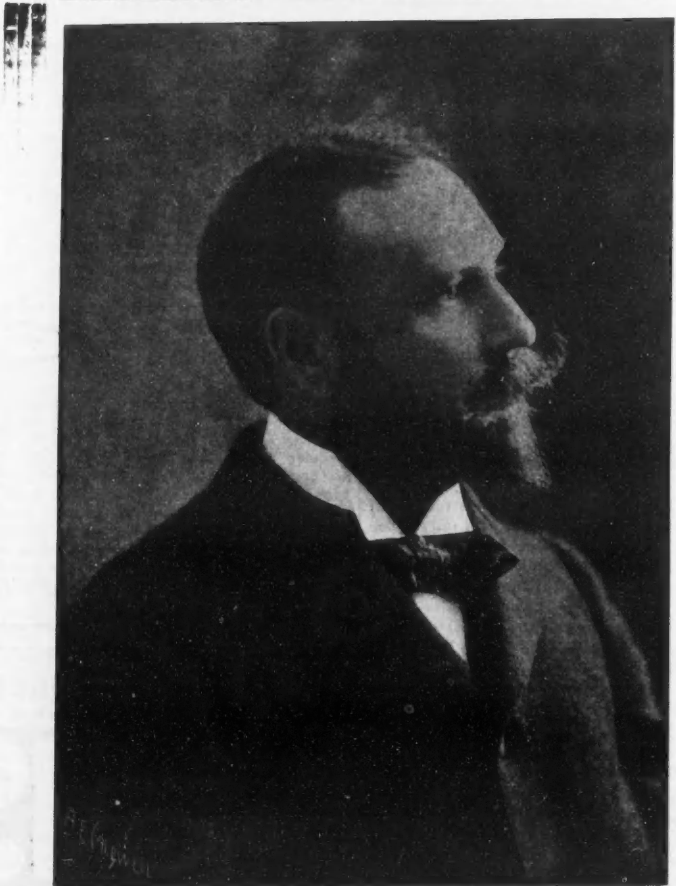
She issued letters patent declaring that he was entitled to have place, pre-eminence and precedence next to herself. She put him in the seat next to the throne when she opened Parliament. She conferred upon him by royal act the title and dignity of prince consort.

Whenever she went abroad with her husband small questions of etiquette were raised. The only position which he occupied by a close construction of international law was that of a younger brother of the Duke of Sax-Coburg. At some courts he was not regarded as a royal personage, and those who claimed that dignity either refused to yield their places to him or sulked and acted disagreeably.

Queen Victoria's experiences have been confided to her daughter-in-law, the Duchess of Albany, who is Queen Wilhelmina's aunt. The young queen has been warned that she ought to do everything in her power to have the position of her future husband settled in advance by the Dutch Parliament.

This can be done by conferring upon him the title of king, or by investing him with the rights and dignities of a prince consort of the Dutch line. The Queen's ministers are Radical politicians and may be obstinate; but her subjects will want to make him a Dutch sovereign so far as possible. They distrust Germany and cannot forget that Prince William of Wied is a dashing young officer of the Prussian Imperial Guard.

"You say you are an actor by profession?" asked the magistrate. "I am, your honor," answered the frazzled, red-eyed, and forlorn, but still dignified specimen of manhood before him, in a deep tragic voice. "Well," said the magistrate, "I shall have to send you to the workhouse for sixty days. We haven't an play-house."



ALD. JOHN M. BOWMAN,
Up for reelection in Ward 4, Toronto.

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Sir Wilfrid.

Senators Chandler and Tilman
annex the Canadians

Sir Richard.

From Harper's Weekly, Dec. 21.

above the waves. He took it for a seal, and was taking a deadly aim, when Mr. Black jumped up and cried: "Don't fire; I'm a human man!"

On the night of the Pennsylvania game, a little crowd of Harvard men went to one of the Boston hotels and were celebrating the victory in the usual way. In the midst of the festivities one of the Harvard students became infatuated with a gorgeous white waistcoat which was worn by one of the colored waiters. He called the man and said to him: "I want to buy that waistcoat!" "What do you want of that west, boss?" said the man. "I just want to buy it. What will you take for it?" After a good deal of guffawing and some hesitation, the colored man allowed that he would take five dollars for it. "Done," said the Harvard man, and he pulled out a five-dollar bill and gave it to the negro, who began to pull off the waistcoat. "Oh, you needn't do that," said the student. "I don't want you to give it to me—I just wanted to feel that I owned that waistcoat." The negro went off to wait on his own table, when the student called to him: "Come here!" "What you want, boss?" The student called the darkey up close, dipped his fingers into a plate of cranberry sauce, and with them proceeded to mark a big red "H" exactly on the middle of the front of the white waistcoat—his waistcoat!

Two Ways of Making Tea.

Faultfinding and Abuse vs. Criticism.

"T" IS illogical, but spilled in the drawing," was what the old lady said, as she slipped her afternoon cap (so many years ago it is now that memory refuses to supply the number). "Yes, that's it. Ye see, me dear, first you'll make the pot thoroughly hot, and while it's hottin' ye'll get the cover of the caddy and fill it heppin'! That's for you and for me (if 'twas twice as many, me dear, ye'd just have it doubled), and now ye'll turn out the hot water from the tappot, and in with the tea, quick, me dear, and pour it just half full of the bilin' water and cover it, quick, me dear, and set it under the cover, cosey, is it? Yes, me dear, and while ye count five minutes it's done! An' now ye'll put just wan lump in the cup and its brother in the saucer, (some's got a swate tooth and some not, me dear), and, dear save us! I near forgot to warm the cups! Lave the sugar in the bowl, till I'll warm the cups. And now let's have it, and just a drop of the crame, me dear, and pour aisy with the tay, don't rouse it! and now, there's a good cup of tay, and thank God for it!" which recipe I've never forgotten, as I have so many more important things.

It was brought home to me the other afternoon, when, being solemnly bidden to tea with the Man, I rendered myself at the hour appointed and watched his preparations. There wasn't a "mite" of fire, nor a semblance of a stove. A wire came out of a wooden button on the wall, and strung along to a perfectly radiant tea-kettle, perched upon a glittering silver-plated open-work stand on the business desk of the Man, for we were having our tea in an immaculate office down town. There were no matches, nor a wink of flame, and I gazed blankly at the gorgeous kettle and wondered how long the Man was going to gossip before he bustled about and filled that kettle and put it somewhere on something to boil. The Man, meanwhile, was arranging his cups and saucers, and getting out cream and sugar, and I smiled to myself as I saw him opening a package of tea, and wondered if I ought to remind him about the kettle, or if he really thought tea was made with cold water. Just as this idea struck me I glanced at the bright kettle. Surely from its perky nozzle there was a tiny puff of steam. I touched the open-work stand, and put my hand cautiously on the desk below. Cold, cold, therefore the jet of steam must have been my imagination. But just then the shining lid gave a small hoist and a shake, the way a kettle lid does when it wants to say, "Look out, I'll boil over inside of ten seconds!" The Man poured a handful of tea into the teapot; what did he know about "hotting" it? I'd have reminded him, only I thought he might have some uncanny agency for doing so, like unto the wire and the open-work stand, and I refrained. He filled the teapot and set it down. I looked about for a cosy, but the Man hadn't one in stock. Then in about two minutes he took off the teapot lid and stirred up contents with a spoon, a very cold spoon, and poured some of them, water and leaves, into a cup. "Not strong enough," said the man wisely and poured back the cupful into the teapot. How I wished old Mary could have been there! She'd have talked to him! In two minutes more he poured some more out. "This tea isn't strong at all," he said testily. "I must put in some more!" And in

went, out of the tinfoil package. The ghost of old Mary seemed to be whisking about in the dim corners of the office! "Now!" said the Man, as he poured me a cup of the reinforced mixture, "your kettle boiled in five minutes, your tea was made in five more, no heat, no labor, no clearing away," and he pulled the center out of the button and put it and the wire on the desk. "You can unscrew the globe from one of your electric burners and screw on this button and turn on your current, and the water in the kettle on this prepared plate will boil in five minutes. You can boil eggs on the breakfast table, make coffee in your bedroom, concoct Welsh rarebit and lobster Newburg in the sanctum, heat your crimping-irons, heat water for shaving (at least, I can); hang it! you can do all sorts of things! If it upsets, you can't set the house a-fire; it neither smokes nor smells, and you can get tremendous heat almost immediately. What do you think of my electric invention?" And I fell back feebly, for the queer tea was within me and the marvel of the stove was too much in addition. And the Man triumphed and I hadn't the nerve even to say, "This illogical, but spilled in the drawing!"

"And don't you mind being criticized?" marveled the dear woman, as we discussed sundry things the other day. I had to acknowledge that I didn't, for kindly criticism is always a help, and vicious criticism is not honest. The truth is that any criticism which does not help one to do better isn't worth considering. Mere faultfinding isn't criticism, abuse isn't criticism, and it's not my way to think twice over either of them. But there is a criticism which humbles and cheers at once, and such is welcome to the person who desires to do well, and hopes to do better. Such is openly given with knowledge and kindness so plainly linked in it that it inspires as well as disciplines. No one would "mind," (i.e. resent), such criticism. No one need mind any other sort. Vicious criticism confesses its inspiration and we all recognize it; mere abuse often comes from non-comprehension, or prejudice. Any public expression of feeling or conviction may antagonize some opposite nature. If you tread, however unintentionally, on someone's corns you may expect a howl. But you needn't worry over it. It was unintentional, and perhaps an apology would be an error in sincerity anyway.

LADY GAY.

From An Old Book.

Date 1815. Letters on Life and Manners by Rev. John Muckersey of West Calder.

ON the first thing you notice in a well-bred man is the unconsciousness of his manners. He seems to prefer the ease and happiness of every person around him to his own, and to act as if he were under constant obligation. He does this for no other reward than the comfort and sunshine which he creates in the circle of his friends. All men of business, from the youngest retainer in office to the richest and most successful speculator, are under the strongest obligations to attend to the common civilities of life. You succeed in part by your own attention and industry, but always remember, that you will be indebted for the fortune you are to make, to every person who distinguishes you in the line of your profession. In the most trifling transaction he discovers his good-will, and the least return you can make is an affectionate and grateful conduct. In making such remarks, I would by no means be thought to except that insolence which we poor subjects sometimes experience in public offices. I do not say that the servants employed by the king to collect his revenues are obliged to us for the payment we make to them. We are compelled to pay the necessary imposts for the support and defence of the country; but I apprehend that a commission from the king can warrant the want of civility in any of his servants; and if your good fortune shall ever bring you into a situation of this kind, I beg of you to retain the manners of a gentleman, where nothing but good sense and humanity render them necessary.

I speak not of low and malicious falsehood. . . . If LYING, you wish to avoid the danger of misrepresentation, say as little concerning yourself as possible. Give no hints of your connivance, and be particularly careful not to repeat the speeches you have made, to a superior, perhaps, in some case of intricate business, when you acquitted yourself to advantage and said many things very much to the purpose. There is generally a great difference between a speech of this kind when it is made and when it is reported. In the latter case you tell many things which you should have said and which, indeed, show the force of your

understanding, but which are intended to show your promptness in reply, and the boldness and independence of your character. By this device I have known very polite men lie themselves into rudeness, and men of slow parts give the best answer at the moment it was most necessary.

These selected paragraphs show us that human nature was the same in 1815 as it is to day. We still smart under the rudeness of public servants; we still find no form of lying so prevalent as that which enters into the reporting of what one said in a conversation or altercation.

Two Results from One Joke.

I.

Harper's Weekly, December 10.

Sir J. D. Edgar, Speaker of the Canadian House of Commons, suggests that England should cede the island of Jamaica to Uncle Sam in exchange for one of the Eastern States.—Daily Paper.

Good for Sir J. D. Edgar! What a wondrous man is he! A statesman past all question, and of glorious policy.

He'd give our nation ginger, if we'll give to his a State.

But just which one he'd like to have he does not indicate.

Can it be Maine, Sir Edgar wants? We can't believe it so.

Unless it be this Baronet's blind, and does not know.

That up in Maine they've got a chap of genius rich and rare.

Who'd send him flying speedily from out the Speaker's chair.

New Hampshire! For a moment just suppose we acquiesce.

And Canada gets Chandler—it is much more than a guess.

With Chandler to digest, the realm will surely need to take.

Quite all the stock of ginger that Jamaica well can make.

Vermont! Where once Green Mountain boys laid Edgar's fellows out?

Shall Yankees let a loyalty that's never known a doubt.

Go from their midst at any price—for any fabled sum!

Not even for a corner in your grand old stock of rum!

Perhaps it's Massachusetts that has caught the Speaker's eye—

The grand old braver Commonwealth whose name shall never die.

Egad! We'll never part with that, Sir Edgar may be sure.

For if we did, what would become of Yankee Shall old Hosea Biglow become a mere Kanuck?

Is mere colonial fame indeed to be Longfellow's luck!

Are Dr. Holmes and Emerson, and treasured Hawthorne too,

To be swapped off for Edgar's folk of dark and swarthy hue?

Connecticut! No, never! While Mark Twain doth pace the earth

We are not going to part with this fair home of cherished mirth.

A cry would rise to heaven that should make us all desist.

From ever turning Twain into a British Humorist!

And Rhody! Little Rhody! Pretty baby-boy of States—

We'll never let dear Rhody go a-wandering from our gates.

The mass would ne'er condone an act whose very nature robs

Them of beloved Newport and its azure-blooded nob.

And so it seems not feasible this plan of Sir J. D.

We cannot do without our East, as far as we can see;

But if the failure of his scheme is going to make him blue,

To swap for old Jamaica how would Black-well's Island do?

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

II.

Harper's Weekly, December 24.

There appeared in the Weekly for December 10 a meritorious poem by Mr. John K. Bangs, wherein he had fun with "Sir J. D. Edgar, Speaker of the Canadian House of Commons," on the strength of the suggestion, attributed by a daily paper to that gentleman, that England should cede the island of Jamaica to Uncle Sam in exchange for one of the Eastern States.

Mr. Edgar (it would not be polite to call him "Sir J."), and he has not divulged his Christian name writes to the Weekly to say that he does not object to Mr. Bangs's chaff, but that Mr. Bangs has trusted too implicitly to the daily paper. He explains that his suggestion to swap Jamaica for New Hampshire was not offered in entire seriousness, but was a counter-suggestion to the proposal of Senator Chandler, made in a current magazine, to swap the Philippines for Canada. One suggestion he thinks not more absurd than the other, since Great Britain could no more swap off Canada than the United States could swap off New Hampshire. He adds:

If it strikes an American as absolutely incongruous and absurd for anyone to suggest the swapping of one of the States for Jamaica, with its black population, it

must be seen that it would be more conducive to good feeling all around if a statesman so prominent as Senator Chandler would realize that his suggestion about the Philippines and Canada might do harm all around if it were to be taken seriously.

That is very true, but, happily, Senator Chandler's suggestion is not likely to be taken seriously on either side of the border. It is part of a policy of pin pricks which some American statesmen and American newspapers affect, to talk periodically of gobbling up Canada the first good chance. It is not a useful policy, though we are warranted in hoping that it is practically harmless.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

CHRISTMAS BELLE.—It is too late to wish you a merry Christmas, but take a new year with me, you very nice woman. Truly your frank and cheery Christmas letter was the brightest gift Santa brought me. I remember well the old times and that Christmas we had together. How old were we, or rather, how young? Well, I am young yet and have no idea of being anything else.

US AND CO.—You are very easy-tempered, placid and even in disposition, and adaptable above all things. It would be hard to put you in a position where you couldn't make yourself comfortable. You are buoyant, hopeful, trustful and candid; like beauty, and have some enterprise and much gracious impulse. Sometimes you are a bit peculiar in the way you look at things, practical, and, dear me, how nice you are.

AN IRISH LADY.—I should like to get hold of the persons who said I "really meant you were dreadfully common." I shall elaborate my former statement out of consideration for their stupidity. There are strong suggestions of culture and refinement in your lines, and with them a certain downrightiness which might sometimes make you appear blunt or crude, and not do your qualities justice. You might be too emphatic; it is the fault of over-strength. I am quite certain you couldn't be common.

LADY DOROTHEA.—You are decidedly not finished, but time will be your friend. There is a fine self-reliance and faith in your own powers shown. You are quick, tenacious, ambitious and courageous. Your impulse is erratic and your temper uncertain. Your sense of proportion is faulty; you are clear-minded and rather practical.

NEMO.—You are cautious and deliberate, conscientious, and have very good reasoning powers; sometimes you are not fond of details, but the thing you need most is experience; there is good strong stuff in you, formalized and dwarfed. Strike out; don't be conventional. Don't believe all you are told, think more, speak less; never talk platitudes; you have an artistic streak in you, and appreciate fine and beautiful things, also you like comfort and could easily develop warm affection.

DARLINGTON.—It is as you remark, an attractive hand, but its attractiveness is merely the same as a pleasant manner would be. Character goes miles deeper. Tell your brother that he must learn to close up his o's and a's. "Open a, open o, tell everything you know," that is an old graphological saw, and the back-hand is a weakness; no one can put dash, decision, energy, in short, character, into back-ha d. Youth shows in the wavering loop-strokes of the tailed letters, but there is beauty and refinement in the curves, tact and sympathy in the graceful capitals. It is the hand of a youth who has good points but needs discipline and harden.

ORANGE.—This is a good lively study, with considerable go in it, and a good deal of ability. Writer can take good care of himself (or herself), and objects to trust others too much. Some imagination, a touch of humor, very good spirits, and a generally hopeful and buoyant temperament are indicated. You are self-reliant, a bit self-assertive, adaptable, ambitious and amiable.

HARRYOTT.—This is a generous and disinterested, taking life easy, but tenacious; it is a degree. You can neither be coaxed nor pulled out of an opinion, once you form it. Caution and almost mistrust make you wary of confidence, and there is a touch of selfishness, youth's inconsiderateness. It is a fine, honest, simple hand, incapable of guile, but young, deliciously young, and liable to mature splendidly.

TINY.—You are independent, forceful, tenacious to ob-tinacy, a bit of a pessimist, ambitious, but impatient of delay, and not always as reasonable as you might be. Conventionality and conservatism are your barriers, behind which you sit content but not enjoying life as you have a right to. It is an interesting hand, though it doesn't run peacefully. I'm afraid you are sometimes apt to be a trifle cranky.

GRETCHEN.—Peculiar and not always a candid, original, lacking repose and inclined to be irritable, great perception, decided ability, lack of hope and a very erratic thinker. You'd never argue to a finish, and you sometimes, like David o d, speak unadvisedly with your mouth. There is a tendency to pose, which attracts you strongly, and a good deal of enterprise with force of imagination.

ALIXE.—I should not tire if I had many studies such as yours. You are very vital, dashing and an idealist, would be a dreamer of dreams and lose your if in dreamland; a sentimental and like your fellowman, and by all the signs of the zodiac, I am sure you like the blues, you! Don't you sometimes have the blues, my lady? You should be fond of a city and be popular therein. You are fond of beauty and refinement and have good taste. I am quite charmed with your fanciful, lady-like lines.

THE SHEPARD PUBLISHING CO. Limited.

ORDINARY Shoe Dressings

MAKE SHORT WORK OF SHOES, BURN THEM, CRACK THEM, DESTROY THEM.

NOT SO WITH

PACKARD'S

Special Combination Leather Dressing

(RUBBER, TAN, BROWN—ALL COLORS.)

THE ONLY PREPARATION COMPOSED SO

Studio and Gallery

THE Pope has offered a prize for the best executed Holy Family. One of singular simplicity and sweetness has been sent from Florence by Giacomo Martinetti. It was the Church under whose patronage art first flourished. With our growing light on Scripture history and our more human and enlightened conceptions of divine truth—thanks to some higher critics—religious art in this age, if it be really contemporary, will find expression for the old truths by different conceptions and different technique. We have surely got beyond the infancy which fears the effect of "graven images." We have a lasting grudge against Oliver Cromwell which any good he did can hardly efface. The sledge hammer work of his sturdy stonemasons in their remodeling the work of Ionian chisels and destroying priceless paintings, remains in history an act of barbarism. It was a method much in vogue in those days in answering arguments, and is not quite out of fashion in our present-day church. We still have conceptions of moral beauty and truth hacked and mutilated and handed back by ecclesiastical authorities as the only possible shape they can or must assume. There is in connection with most of the churches of this city an assembly-room—it may be used as well for a Sabbath school—where gatherings of worshippers meet weekly. The majority of these rooms are barren and ghastly and devoid of almost any artistic finishings, although of late years the windows have been improved. In the homes of many of the worshippers are beautiful draperies and statuary and pictures which are to them a constant source of pleasure, even to some a necessity. "He is a Jew who is one inwardly." Is it a lingering trace of our pharisaical heredit which makes us feel that when we are uncomfortable, and vacuous, and sepulchral, we are of a necessity more religious? Why should art be divorced from religion? We hope the Pope will continue his encouragement of sacred art. We could wish such encouragement to be more general.

The following gentlemen have been awarded a prize of \$25 each for their designs for an Imperial two-cent postage stamp, although Postmaster-General Mulock did not use any of them: R. W. Crouch, A. H. Howard, Gustav Hahn and R. Holmes, all of Toronto. The two last mentioned gentlemen are teachers of design in the Art School.

The study of architecture, its history and development, is most interesting and instructive, embodying, as it does, the characteristics of the different periods of its growth. In the hurry of a new country's life and its necessity of considering chiefly utility, beautiful architecture

HIGH-CLASS WATER COLORS and OIL PAINTINGS

A Toronto gentleman, giving up housekeeping, desires to dispose of some high-class Water-colors and Oil Paintings. They are by Barto White, Homer Watson, Jacobi, Calvert, Ernest Parton and Way.

On view at
AMBROSE KENT & SONS
156 Yonge Street
where full particulars may be obtained from MR. L. K. E.

J. W. L. FORSTER
... PORTRAIT PAINTING
Studio: 24 King Street West

R. F. GAGEN,
Studio—90 Yonge Street.
Miniatures, Water Color and Ink Portraits.

MISS EDITH HEMMING
... WATER PAINTER
has removed her studio to
582 Church Street, Toronto.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR—The Art Metropole desires to thank their customers for the generous patronage accorded them during 1898, and with enlarged premises and increased facilities, a completely assorted stock, and, wherever possible, greatly reduced prices, they hope in future to secure universal appreciation.

THE ART METROPOLE (Unlimited)
131 & 133 Yonge St. and 1, 3, 5, 7 & 9 Toronto Arcade. Entrance 133 Yonge St. Tel. 2124.

Roberts & Son Art Galleries

79 King Street West, Toronto
Appointments made for Holiday Art Sales.
Artistic Picture Framing a specialty.
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HOUSEHOLD HELPS

While we devote a great deal of thought and care to the artistic requirements of our friends, we do not forget the practical household needs. This week we wish to introduce two articles of sterling value, viz.:
JOHNSON'S FLOOR WAX
for polishing all hard wood floors, The E. Harris Company's justly celebrated.
FURNITURE POLISH
used for many years by our leading families and hotels and highly recommended.
THE E. HARRIS CO'Y, Limited
44 KING STREET EAST

Makes a Beautiful Xmas Gift

Those beautiful, artistic, enamelled Water-color or Sepia portraits, worked from any photo, at the High Grade Art Studio, make the prettiest Xmas present imaginable. All our work strictly high class. You are cordially invited to call and examine our work.

The HIGH GRADE ART STUDIO

114 King Street West

has usually to bide the time when more leisure and more wealth make its consideration more easy. This is greatly to be regretted, for architectural beauty is a powerful educator. Why should any city depress the spirits and demoralize the tastes of its inhabitants by long rows of houses whose chief merits lie in their exact similarity and the little amount of space they can be got into? In all our exhibitions here there have been few paintings of architectural subjects. Yet what a range there is! What room for display of talent! We are glad to know that Henry Martin, O. S. A., who has always given more or less attention to the study of buildings, intends giving soon an exhibition entirely of architectural subjects. Mr. Martin's familiarity with Venice is well known, as is his success with Venetian subjects. Among the subjects will be The Market Place, Bologna, Italy; The Rialto, Venice; St. Mark's Cathedral, Venice; cathedrals and abbeys of England and France. We shall look forward with much interest indeed to this display.

One of the most cherished projects of the late Czar Alexander III. was the permanent housing under one roof of an exhaustive and representative collection of the best examples of Russian art, and this idea has now been carried out by adapting to the purpose the splendid Michael Palace, built by the celebrated architect, Rossi. Not only have the collections formed by the various Czars of the present century been removed to the new museum from the numerous imperial palaces, but the stores of the Academy of Arts have also been drawn upon, with the result that the recently inaugurated gallery can boast a wonderfully complete collection, and one that gives a correct and adequate idea of the progress of the Russian school—so young when compared with other European schools.

Simcoe has not been favored with many art exhibitions. Recently a number of the friends of Mrs. Marie Holmsted of Dundas turned the Guild rooms of Trinity church into a studio for the exhibition of about fifty of Mrs. Holmsted's water-colors. The effort was much appreciated, quite a large number of people attending.

After play comes work, that is if Christmas festivities can be regarded as play, and the different art teachers are looking to the return of their pupils. Henry Martin, O. S. A., expects to resume his Saturday afternoon class in water-colors immediately. Miss Justina A. Harrison, who is coming to be regarded as our almost sole representative of Dresden decoration, although a successful teacher of other forms as well, expects to meet her private pupils and her pupils in St. Margaret's next week. Miss Hendershot will also resume her class in ceramic art early in January. Her exhibition, open now for some little time, has been quite successful. Miss Irvine and Miss McConnell, in ceramic art and drawing and painting respectively, re-open classes next week. We noticed a very nice collection of Miss McConnell's work in the window of 101 Yonge street. Her water-color portrait does her special credit.

We recommend life students, especially of heads, to pay a visit to the studio of F. McGillivray Knowles. They will find there a collection of heads which will repay study. The human anatomy, the character depicted in black and white, is very expressive. Excellent modeling and truthful flesh values, life and action, characterize the work. JEAN GRANT.

AFTER MANY YEARS

Of Suffering from Gravel, Mr. J. N. Babcock Recovers.

Thanks to Dodd's Kidney Pills, which cured him Speedily and Thoroughly—Mr. Babcock's Story in His Own Emphatic Words.

SHARLOT LAKE, Dec. 26.—A Dresden despatch to the Canadian press last week described how ex-Reeve W. G. Cragg of that town was cured of severe inflammatory rheumatism by Dodd's Kidney Pills, after the best doctors had failed to benefit him, and after many so-called "remedies" had proved utterly useless.

The story has been the subject of a great deal of interested discussion here, and it has been ascertained that Dodd's Kidney Pills are an article in universal use in this district.

"Mr. Cragg cannot tell me anything about Dodd's Kidney Pills that I don't know already," said a well known lawyer, who was discussing the matter with a group of friends yesterday. "I have known them to cure cases of rheumatism which six doctors had pronounced incurable."
"I have experienced what Dodd's Kidney Pills will do," said Mr. John Nichols Babcock, another well known resident. "I suffered the most acute tortures from gravel and other kidney diseases for twenty long years. I spent hundreds of dollars in doctors' bills and for various so-called cures, but with no lasting benefit."
"I didn't believe Dodd's Kidney Pills would cure me, but expected to get a little temporary relief from their use. I was completely and thoroughly cured by them though. There is no kidney medicine on earth to compare with Dodd's Kidney Pills."

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A Regret of the Season.

Now has my Christmas joy decreased, My feelings are not pleasant; For I find the girl I love the least Sent me the nicest present.



"You'd better get out and push, Maria; I've got all I can do seeing that this horse don't shy."

The Destroyer.

Edward Sydney Tyler, in The Spectator.

A dwarfish figure of steel and fire.
My iron nerves obey
The bidding of my crafty sire.
Who drew me out of clay,
And sent me forth, on paths untrod,
To slay his puny clan:
A slave of hell, a scourge of God:
For I was made by Man.

When foul fog-curtains droop and meet
Athwart an oily sea;
My rhythmic pulse begins to beat:
'Tis hunting time for me.
A breathing swell is hardly seen
To stir the emerald deep;
As through that ocean jungle green
I, velvet-footed, creep.

And lo! my prey, a palace reared
Above an arsenal,
By lightning's viewless finger steered,
Comes on, majestic!
The mists before her bow dispart;
And 'neath that Traitor's Gate,
The royal vessel, high of heart,
Swoops queenlike to her fate:

Too confident of strength to heed
The menacing faint sound;
As from their lair, like bloodhounds freed,
The snub torpedoed bound:
She does not note them quartering wide
Nor guess what lip is this,
That presses on her stately side
Its biting Judas kiss:

Till with a roar that frights the stars,
Her cracking timbers rend;
And lurid smoke and flaming spars
In one red storm ascend:
Whose booming thunder drowns the cries
Of myriads of souls in pain:
Where tossed on turbid waters lies
My quarry, torn in twain.

Awhile I watch her, half in fear:
There needs no second blow:
A full-gorged lynx that leaves the deer,
My hunger filled, I go.
The stricken monarch may not mark
What foe her trust betrayed:
For swiftly as it came, the bark
Sinks back into the shade.

A will more strong than steel or fire
Controls my tigerish play:
My crafty hundred-handed sire
Who dragged me forth from clay.
He, too, claims kindred with the clod,
Through some diviner plan:
Half imp of hell, half child of God,
The Murder Angel, Man.

Mr. Dooley on Expansion.

"Well," said Mr. Dooley, "we've got 'em."

"Again!" said Mr. Hennessy, with a faint attempt at a joke.

"Niver mind," said Mr. Dooley. "We've got th' Ph'lippeens. Th' Spaniards with-drew to th' anti-room, an' says wan: 'Let's get th' anti-room.' Says another: 'I say so, too. If I let another dinner I'd bust. What do they want?' Th' Ph'lippeens."

"Will they take them?" "We'll thry an' see." An' they come out, an' says the chairman, Senyor Monte Rice, he says: "Oh, crool an' avaricious foe," he says, "wretched vampires," he says, "that wud suck th' las' drop iv blood frim th' fallen form iv poor Spain," he says. "We have no other recourse," he says. "We must surrender to ye," he says, "th' brightest flower in th' diadem iv lovely but busted Hispynio," he says, "th' Peril iv the Pass-life is yours," he says. "Take it," he says, "anless," he says, "ye're such mon-sturs iv cruelty that ye'd rayfuse," he says. An' we've got th' Ph'lippeens, Hin-nissy; we've got thim th' way Casey got the bulldog—be th' teeth.

"What're we goin' to do with thim, says ye? That shows, Hinnessy, ye're a Mug-wump. A Mugwump's a man that always wants to know what's goin' to happen nex', an' hopes it won't. What'd ye think we're goin' to do with thim! Shring thim an' wear thim fr' heads! Hinnessy, if all th' people in this country was like th' likes iv ye, they'd be only enough iv ye to hold a rayform meetin', an' ye'd be livin' in a balloon off th' coast iv Maine, ye—ye dam'd Pilgrim father, ye!"
"I have a cousin that lives in Lynn," said Mr. Hennessy.
"What diff'rence does it make to you and me what we do with the Ph'lippeens, anyhow!" Mr. Dooley went on, not heeding the interruption. "I'm here an' th' Ph'lippeens are there, an' there's too much wather between us to make frinds. But I know what'll happen. Twill be what has happened in this very town many a time. They'll be a stretch iv prairie just outside the city limits, an' nobody iv our kind wants to live there because it's too quite. But bimely some people moves in frim Ohio, an' builds a house or two an' th' aldermen frim this ward moves fr to annex it to th' city. An' ivry lady says: 'Haven't we growed enough? What's th' use iv takin' in more territory? Isn't our government hand enough as it is? An' thim th' good Irish people moves in an' conquers th' savidge inhabitants, an' th' nex' ye know that prairie is blossomin' like a rose-garden an' has become a Dimmycratic stronghold. That's expansion."

"Th' trouble with you, Hinnessy, is ye think you an' Congressman Noonan can set down in th' back room with a piece of chalk an' an ol' slate an' figure out what's goin' to happen, but ye can't. Ye can't figure it out ye'll say, an' how can ye figure it out th' Ph'lippeens, that ye niver see? As Hogan an' McKinley both says: 'Th' nation's in th' hands iv th' Lord, an' I'll give him what assistance it can spare fr'm its other jooties.' Th' first thing to be done is to appoint a strong army iv officials that we can't find anything fr in this country. Th' comityman to me yesterday that they was three hundred applications fr th' bridge whin Dorsey, that was there before, passed over to th' other shure an' got th' job in th' planin'-mill. An' ye think they're no wan fit to control a population iv naygars. I tell ye anny man that's strong enough to even think he can get a job turnin' a bridge in this country has force enough to be king iv the Ph'lippeens in wan year! 'Tis so. Well, some iv these laads'll be killt an' some'll come home, an' thim wan day a laad that's

Cool!
Harper's Weekly.

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MUSIC

The trustees of the Massey Music Hall have, with commendable enterprise, arranged for a series of grand concerts which bid fair to put in the shade any similar course of events in the history of the city. The following definite announcement of these concerts is made: Thursday, January 19—Mme. Marcella Sembrich, the world-famous soprano; M. Salgnac, the noted tenor from the Grand Opera Company; and Signor G. Campanari, the famous baritone. Thursday, February 2—M. Pol. Plancon, the world-renowned basso from the Grand Opera Company; Miss Antoinette Trebelli, the brilliant soprano, and others. Monday, February 27—Lady Halle, widow of the late Sir Charles Halle, England's greatest violinist, and others. Thursday, March 16—The wonderful pianist, Moritz Rosenthal, who has created a furor during the past two months wherever he has played in the United States. Thursday, April 6—Mme. Teresa Carreno, pianovirtuosa, with whom will be associated at this concert other artists of distinguished rank. Thursday, April 27—Mme. Lillian Nordica, prima donna soprano, and others. Reserved seat prices for the Lady Halle and the Carreno concerts will be 50 cents, 75 cents and \$1, and for the four other events 75 cents, \$1, \$1.25 and \$1.50. Those who subscribe for individual concerts only will have the first choice of seats in order as the names are on the various lists, but not until those who have subscribed for the full course and for the half course have secured their places. Those who subscribe for two or more seats for the full course may get seats at the rate of \$3, \$4, \$5 or \$6 a seat, according to location. Those who subscribe for two or more seats for the first three events may get them at the regular prices, and upon a further subscription for the last three events may get two or more seats for \$1.50, \$2, \$2.50 or \$3 a seat, according to location. The first subscriber for the full course will have the first choice of seats for each event, the second subscriber the second choice, and so on in order as names of subscribers are received. After the subscribers for the full course, then the subscribers for the half course get their seats in the same order. The list for subscribers opened on Thursday morning last at the Massey Hall box-office.

A good story is told of Tom Cooke, a witty English musician, who was subpoenaed as a witness in a trial in the court of King's Bench, in London, in the year 1833, to testify as to an alleged infringement, or piracy of an arrangement, of the Old English Gentleman.

On his cross examination by Sir James Scarlett, afterwards Lord Abinger, one of the most brilliant counsel at the English bar, Cooke was thus addressed:

"Now, sir, you say that the two melodies are the same, but different. Now what do you mean by that, sir?"

"I said that the notes in the two copies were alike," promptly answered Cooke, "but that the accent was different, the one being in common time, the other in six-eight time; and consequently the position of the accented notes are different."

"What is musical accent?" asked Sir James.

"My terms are a guinea a lesson," replied the composer.

"Never mind your terms here. I ask you what is musical accent. Can you see it?"

"No."

"Can you feel it?"

"A musician can."

"Now, sir, don't beat about the bush, but explain to me your lordship and the jury, who are supposed to know nothing about music, the meaning of what you call accent."

Cooke did not hesitate one moment, but replied:

"Accent in music is a certain stress laid upon a particular note, in the same manner as you would lay stress on any given word for the purpose of being better understood. Thus, if I were to say, 'I were an ass,' it rests on 'ass'; but if I were to say, 'You are an ass,' it rests on 'you,' Sir James."

A loud peal of laughter greeted this witty repartee, in which the judge and counsel all joined except the discomfited Sir James. When silence was at last secured the judge leaned forward and in a voice full of suppressed mirth, asked:

"Are you satisfied, Sir James?"

Sir James Scarlett, with face as bright as his name, said: "The witness may sit down."

The funniest thing which has yet appeared on the subject of the advent into Canada of the Associated Board of the R.A.M. and R.C.M. is an emanation from the pen of Mr. Joseph Bennett, the well known London scribe. Mr. Bennett jumps at the conclusion that the eight poor souls who entered for the Board's recent Canadian examinations were representative of the condition of musical education in this country, and says: "I must add that musical teaching in Canada seems greatly to need improvement. Of eight candidates recently examined there by Mr. C. Lee Williams, only one passed, and that in the lowest scale." The paragraph here quoted has created no small degree of merriment in local musical circles, where there exists a very healthy impression that musical education in England, in some very important branches of the art, is decidedly behind the age, and in no way to be compared

with standards which are influencing musical effort on this side of the Atlantic. At all events it is a fact that out of every fifty of the immense numbers of loyal Canadians who go abroad to complete their musical studies, not more than one chooses the English schools. With reference to the eight candidates who were gathered in by Mr. C. Lee Williams, the Board's examiner, it might be said that the fact that even one pulled through under the circumstances was a matter of surprise alike to friends and opponents of the Board's Canadian scheme. As is well known, the responsible element of the profession in Canada are almost unanimously opposed to the Board's speculation here, and the "rag-tag-and-bob-tail" which recently had a fling at those examinations, and of whom one "passed," proves beyond a doubt that Mr. Williams would have been overwhelmed by "passes," "honors" and the like had he received the patronage of the pupils of our representative teachers.

The Windsor Record reports an incident that occurred in the Windsor avenue Methodist church there, of which Rev. James Livingstone is pastor. "While Miss Guillot was rendering her solo, by the Waters of Babylon, there floated through the open windows from the parsonage on the next lot the tones of a child soprano, sweet and pure as a silver bell, and the burden of the melody was:

Jesu loves me this I know,
For the Bible tells me so.

After the echoes of Miss Guillot's fine voice had died away and a hush had fallen on the congregation, the infant voice continued the song, and the people listened with keen attention, while a ripple of amusement was evident. A glance at the pulpit also showed that the stalwart occupant manifested some uneasiness. This embarrassment was markedly increased when the sacred song was suspended and three infantile voices broke forth with Down on the Wabash, while the amusement of the congregation took an audible form. "That is the disadvantage of having a large family and living next door to the church," said Mr. Livingstone. It may be said that the pastor has eleven children and the majority of them were in church. An incident equally amusing occurred at a Lake Simcoe summer resort last August during a Sunday evening praise service. After a number of well known hymns had been sung, a child's voice rang out expectantly and enthusiastically from the center of the hall, "Please, Mr. Organist, play A Hot Time in the Old Town." Needless to say the next hymn chosen was not sung with the decorum and reverence which should have marked its rendering.

The following extract from the New York Sun is commended to the notice of local worshippers of an effervescent class of hymns and tunes, which, fortunately, are dying a natural death, and which have proven themselves to be as fleeting and frothy as the religion of most people who sing them. The Sun says: "We are in agreement with the intelligent clergymen, poets and musicians who in Monday's Sun expressed their scorn of those silly pieces of rhyme which appear in many hymn books and are often sung at religious meetings. We do not see how any pious soul, attuned to the spiritual harmonies, can tolerate either the words or the music of these pieces, the irreverence of many of which is appalling. Rev. Mr. Tuck was right when he spoke of them to our reporter as senseless; Rev. Dr. Charles S. Robinson was justified in speaking of them yet more severely, and Mr. Gustave Schirmer, the music expert, had to smile at the music to which they are set; they are mere ballads with catch-penny tunes." In commenting on the Sun's article, the Musical Courier remarks: "Bad music, bad verse, bad morals are all equally reprehensible. There is no immoral art, only bad art. The music sung in some of the temples of worship in this broad land is a disgrace to God, to art, to the nation. If the house of God is to have all the bad music, it is any wonder that Her Satan grimly chuckles at the opera! Don't let the devil have all the good tunes, ministers of the gospel! Pitch into the waste-basket the silly, whining rubbish that is howled, yowled, gasped and gurgled by many persons who seem to know no better."

London Truth of December 8, in referring to the recent "inauguration" of the Associated Board's exams. In Canada says: "The attempt to force the examinations of the Associated Board of the Royal Academy and Royal College of Music upon the Canadians against their will and against the healthily candid resolutions passed at public meetings at Montreal, Toronto, and elsewhere, has resulted in one of the most ridiculous of fiascos. . . . From the whole of Canada only eight candidates could be whipped up to enter for the examinations at all, and they were so indifferent a lot that (despite the fact that one of the Canadian objections to the examinations is that the test is too easy) only one of the whole party passed. Mr. Lee Williams (the examiner) is, therefore, very much in the position of the monarch who 'marched his army into Spain, and then he marched them back again.' It is now said that Mr. Aitken intends to go to Canada after Christmas to arrange for next year's examinations. But surely it would be better to waste no more money,

but to end the farce at once, and, adopting the wise resolution of Trinity College, London, to withdraw an examination which, in highly forcible language and by a truly remarkable boycott, the Canadians have proved they will not have."

It may surprise many to learn that the baseball scribe of the Evening Telegram, whose elegant epistles on church music have been exerting a profound influence on the musical life of Canada, received his entire musical education in this land. This proud fact should prove another strong argument against the operations in this country of the Associated Board of the R. A. M. and R. C. M. of London, Eng. I am informed that our friend some years ago put in all of three weeks of hard study in an heroic attempt to qualify for permanent membership as bass drummer in a country brass band. Some Orangerville people, however, unkindly affirm that the only tune he was able to tackle without becoming hopelessly involved was Shall We Gather at the River, and for this reason this classic has remained his fondest musical memory and the theme of much of his subsequent philosophizing on musical matters. They also tell a story up there that his "resignation" from the band was the scene of a lively mix-up of his drum-stick, the bandmaster's stogas and the drum part of Captain Jinks, a tune which hopelessly baffled the Telegram's future musical authority, and ignominiously cut short his career as a performer. This yarn, however, must surely be a libel.

According to a Montreal despatch Lord Strathcona has authorized the officials of a leading Presbyterian church of that city to purchase at his expense a pipe organ which is to cost about \$15,000. The difference between many wealthy people in Toronto (in so far as their sacrifices in the cause of music are concerned) and some Montreal millionaires is decidedly marked. Fifteen cents would be deemed by many of our money-bags an exceedingly liberal annual allowance towards the furtherance of the cause of the divine art. About twenty years ago, however, Mrs. Wm. McMaster, who then resided in Toronto, presented the fine organ of Jarvis street Baptist church to the congregation worshipping there, the amount expended being about \$10,000. This generous and music-loving lady also headed a subscription about three years ago to have the same organ rebuilt and converted into the splendid electro-pneumatic instrument which it now is. So far as I am aware this is the only instance of the kind on record in this city. Mrs. McMaster's enthusiastic love for music has found expression in similar gifts to other churches, a very fine instrument deserving of special mention having been purchased by her for a leading church of Bay City, Michigan, some years ago.

Of a recent concert given in London, Ont., by the fine choir of Dundas Center Methodist church, under Mr. W. H. Hewlett's direction, assisted by the Sherlock Male Quartette of Toronto, the London News says: "In addition to the splendid work of the choir, the Sherlock Male Quartette of Toronto was present, under the leadership of Mr. J. M. Sherlock, tenor soloist in the Metropolitan Methodist church of the Queen City. Mr. Sherlock has one of the finest tenor voices ever heard in London, and fairly captivated the audience. His voice is very sweet, and at the same time powerful. His rendering of Hosanna (Jules Granier) was simply grand. The other members of the quartette excelled themselves. The quartette, Remember Now Thy Creator, (rhodes), was as much enjoyed as any of the selections given by the Sherlocks. They will always be welcome visitors in London."

The high musical standing attained by the Brantford Ladies' College and Conservatory of Music since the appointment of Mr. W. Norman Andrews to the position of music director of that thriving institution, is a tribute to that gentleman's superior ability and tact. Mr. Andrews is an exponent of the Krause method in piano-playing, having made a special study of this remarkably practical and comprehensive system whilst a student of music in Leipzig. The excellent record already made by his Brantford pupils and the spirit of enthusiasm which prevails in the institution over whose musical destinies he now presides, augur well for the future of his work there. Classes will be resumed on January 5.

On January 17 next an attractive musical event will take place in Association Hall, when Miss Bessie Bonsall, the gifted Canadian contralto, who returns to Canada from England in a few days, will be heard. Miss Bonsall has been remarkably successful in England in concert work during the past few months, and her reappearance in Toronto will be awaited with interest by local music-lovers. Miss Margaret Huston, soprano; Miss Taylor of Detroit, pianist; and Miss Dixon, dramatic reader, will also take part in the programme, further particulars of which will be announced at a later date.

The excellent Christmas musical service which was rendered at St. Simon's church on Sunday evening last will be repeated at to-morrow evening's service. The music will include the Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis in F, by Tours; the anthem Hall Thou That Art Highly Favored, Arthur Carnall; Cradle Song of the Blessed Virgin, unaccompanied, Barnby; and Christmas Song, carol, Dykes. During offertory Mr. R. Drummond, the well known baritone, will sing Angels From the Realms of Glory, a very effective song by Seranus.

Christmas music at our various churches was of a specially interesting and comprehensive character this year. Both as regards the music chosen and the effective manner in which it was rendered, it is doubtful whether the services of this year have ever been surpassed in Toronto. As usual, selections from Handel's Messiah were sung in most of the leading Protestant churches. Gounod's beautiful and impressive Messe Solennele was also largely drawn upon in both Roman Catholic and Protestant churches.

The news of Signor Delasco's death, which was received from France by cablegram on Tuesday last, was heard with feelings of deepest regret by the deceased vocalist's numerous friends and admirers in Toronto. The deceased was one of the most popular and successful of Canadian vocal instructors and numbered among his pupils some of the most talented and best known of native singers.

A recital was given at Hellmuth Ladies' College, London, on Thursday evening of last week, in which some excellent work was done by piano pupils of the well known teacher and soloist, Mr. Thomas Martin. Among the numbers rendered were Mozart's Concerto in A major for piano and orchestra, and Liszt's Rhapsodie No. XI, the soloists being Miss Daisy Falls and Miss Agnes Burwell.

Madame Stuttaford will resume her professional duties on Tuesday next. Her method of voice culture and its production is Italian, and her knowledge of the art and her ability to impart it are well known. Pupils who put themselves under her instruction may expect the best of results.

The Fatal Fault.

The master was coldly critical. "You can paint minor details," he observed. "For instance, the sunshine, the sky, the mountains, the ocean, the earth, all these figures of men and women are exquisitely done. But your signature! Bah! How crude! How lacking in detail! How faulty in perspective!"

As for the disciple, he could but cast his palette upon the floor and weep aloud in his chagrin.

Mr. S. B. Mills and the "Æriol" The Æriol piano, which is played in the same manner as the Æolian, by pedal blowing, is now in a perfected state. Mr. S. B. Mills, the noted pianist and composer, said of the instrument: "I had always thought it would be impossible to devise a means of playing a piano automatically that would be other than offensive to the cultivated ear. You have shown me my error. The playing of the Æriol is far from offensive—it is, indeed, the very reverse, and much more agreeable than that of the vast majority of pianists one hears." Free Æriol catalogues can be had on application to The Æriol Piano Co. Limited, 83 King street west, Toronto, where public recitals are held daily.

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Social and Personal.

Owing to the sad death of Mr. Arthur Boddy, Mrs. Alexander H. Ireland begs to cancel the invitations for January 2, 1899.

The soft weather spoiled the ice at the Victoria Rink for skaters on Thursday afternoon, but a big crowd of guests took in the tea, which was, after all, the main *raison d'être* of the invitations which were sent out by the committee to the society people of the city. Several hundred guests responded to the call upon their afternoon hours in a week very dull in general, and a good time was enjoyed in the club-rooms upstairs, where the well known greeting of the handsome president always makes people glad to accept the Club's hospitality. "The more the merrier," says he. The secretary, Mr. A. Cecil Gibson, promises good music by some of the 48th Highlanders' Band, and tea daintily served for the evening and afternoon meets, so the skating assemblies seem to promise a grand success. The committee are: Mr. Justice Lister, Lieut. Col. Cosby, Mr. W. B. McMurich, Mr. W. J. Mitchell, Mr. W. H. Brouse, Mr. A. Cecil Gibson, and Mr. H. T. McMillan.

Mrs. J. Wilton Morse of Toronto has been in New York and on her way home visited her sister, Mrs. John Cadwell of Jamestown, when Mrs. John B. Alden gave a thimble tea in her honor.

Mr. G. Jacques Byrne of Church's Auto-Voice Institute, will spend New Year's with relatives in New York City.

Mrs. S. T. Church of Pembroke street, with Masters Maxwell and Campbell, is enjoying the holidays with friends in Thorold.

A fine production of Moths, Ouida's well known play, will be given at the Princess Theater next week, staged in an elaborate manner, and presented with full strength of the company, including Miss Eleanor Browning, who makes her first appearance with the company as Vera. Miss Browning appears to be a very clever young actress, of the Julia Arthur type in appearance; indeed, in conversation Miss Browning very forcibly reminds one of Miss Arthur, possessing much the same intensity of feeling and magnetism. A photograph of Miss Browning might easily be mistaken for that of Miss Arthur. If Miss Browning proves as clever as she is pretty she will be a decided acquisition to the Cummings Stock Company. The role of Vera, in which she makes her first appearance, is one well suited to her, and should present this new member to splendid advantage. Mr. Wright Huntington appears as Lord Jura, Mr. Glazier as Zouloff, Miss Lillian Andrews as Lady Dolly, in which role this popular lady will wear, in the third act, a gown formerly worn by the Princess of Wales, which Miss Andrews obtained in London last summer from one of the Princess' maids. Moths is so well known here that it should prove a splendid attraction. It is stronger than Canille or East Lynne, and is probably Ouida's greatest work.

The Misses Eunice and Louise Stout will entertain at their home on Tuesday evening, January 3. Miss Wilbur of New York is spending a few days with the Misses Stout in Jarvis street.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Tolmie Craig went to Lexington, Kentucky, for Christmas. Mrs. Craig is a blue grass belle, and her proud husband quite agrees with the song which announces as "mighty lucky" he who finds his bride in Ole Kentucky.

Last night the Queen City Yacht Club's ball was held in the Confederation Life Building and was a brilliant event. D'Alessandro's orchestra provided sweet music and Albert Williams an excellent supper. Everyone enjoyed the event.

Mrs. MacMahon of Spadina avenue and Mrs. Macdougall of Carlton Lodge welcomed a few friends for afternoon tea on two afternoons this week. Mr. and Mrs. Le Mesurier of Niagara Falls spent Christmas with Mrs. Todd in Toronto.

Mrs. and Miss Helliwell are *en pension* at 210 College street and are at home on Tuesdays.

A handsome house is being completed for Dr. George Peters, where, some fair day, he will install a charming bride.

Miss May Milligan, pupil of Miss M. J. Morton, has won a scholarship at the Toronto College of Music this term.

Among Toronto's society women are several who have a graceful trick with the pen. Some excel in rhyming, some in translation, some in smart epigrams. One, Mrs. Charles Sheard, has a dainty way of writing about children, and a new book just published over her name illustrates her gift in perfection. Trevelyan's Little Daughters is its title and it is published by William Briggs. By the way, I heard a word of a book on the way by that clever young man, Mr. F. C. Trench O'Hara, who has had some useful experience in journalism in Baltimore, and is just now the busy private secretary of Sir Richard Cartwright, down in Washington. The book is to be published in Toronto.

The various charities are having a good time. Christmas dinners, Christmas trees and all sorts of "large and early" entertainments are on the *tapis*. The Orphans' Home had a great time on Wednesday at their annual Christmas treat. Major Leigh was a jolly old Santa Claus, Canon Sweeney gave a happily worded address to the 198 healthy little boys and girls, and Mr. Hewson-Murray, the board's solicitor, was also present. The Home was in apple order, and a large number of guests took tea with the ladies of the board and went over the Home. Immense quantities of good things have been donated for the children's Christmas treat this year, and content was very evident.

Miss Burgess of Smith's Falls was in town last week spending a few days with



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EX-ALDERMAN

N. L. STEINER

As Alderman for 1899

WARD NO. 4

Your Vote and Influence are Respectfully Requested for the Re-election of

ALDERMAN

W. P. HUBBARD

AS ALDERMAN FOR 1899

Election January 2nd, 1899.

WARD No. 2

Your Vote and Influence are Respectfully Solicited for the Election of

John R. Allan

AS PUBLIC SCHOOL TRUSTEE

For 1899-1900

Mrs. Wellington Bogart of 34 Sussex avenue.

Mrs. J. E. Tapham of Pontiac, Mich., and Miss Merrill of Belleville spent the holidays with friends in Toronto.

On Friday evening, December 23, Mr. and Mrs. William R. Bettles, at their home, 30 River street, celebrated their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary, or, as the happy event is called, their silver wedding. Many handsome gifts were bestowed upon the happy pair who had reached the quarter-century of wedded bliss, and quite a large number of guests were present to offer their congratulations.

The many friends of Miss Maggie Wasson were greatly shocked to hear that she had died on Tuesday evening, after a few days' illness, of pneumonia. She was a daughter of Mr. Thomas Wasson and a sister of Pte. Wasson, who figured prominently on the Highlanders' team in England, and who is now in Dawson City.

There was some lively buying of tickets at Massey Hall on Thursday morning, when the plan opened for the series of six big concerts. The advance sales are already very large.

The residence of Mr. L. O. P. Genereaux was the scene of a pretty wedding on Wednesday afternoon, December 23, when Miss Erie Higgins of Bay City, Mich., and Dr. James Munsey of Cleveland, Ohio, were united in marriage by Rev. Thomas Rogers, B.A., of Georgetown. The bride looked charming in a white gown of mousseline de soie and silk, with the conventional veil and orange blossom. Miss Mabel Best of Markham street, a cousin of the bride, was bridesmaid, in a pretty muslin frock with white satin stock and belt, and Dr. Blair of Buffalo, N.Y., supported the groom. After partaking of the wedding luncheon, Dr. and Mrs. Munsey left, amid showers of rice and best wishes, for their future home in Cleveland, Ohio.

1899 MAYORALTY 1899

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

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John Shaw

AS MAYOR

WARD No. 3

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ALDERMAN

O. B. SHEPPARD

Election takes place January 2nd.

1899 Happy New Year 1899

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